JOHN BULL, week ending July 17, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1933

3D EVERY THURSDAY

WASTE MUST NEVER RETURN By The EDITOR

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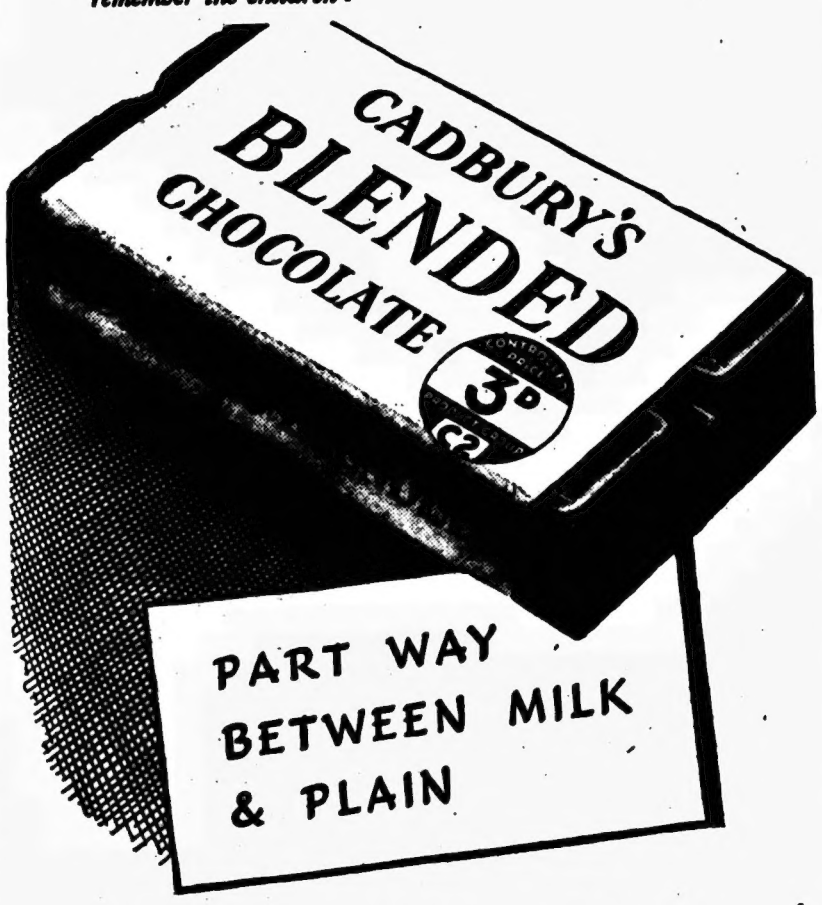

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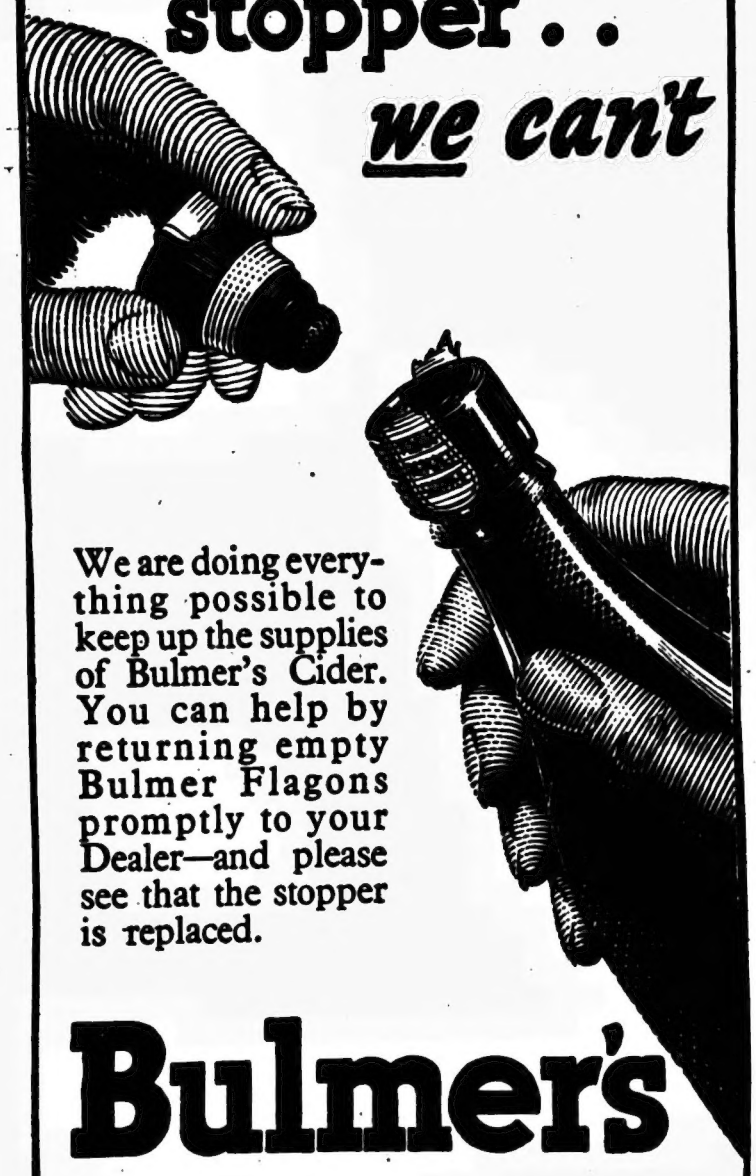

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..more Vitamin B

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—It's *LIFE ITSELF!*

Children have a special claim to Horlicks

—please leave it for them

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 17, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

ROAD TO BERLIN

WE have set our foot on the drawbridge of the Fortress of Europe. There will be no pause in the battle until the inner defences are breached and a Continent delivered from its jailors.

Sicily is a warning to Mussolini and Hitler that the thickest ramparts will not keep us out.

History in Reverse

In Tunisia, air power was used to blast a way for land operations. But Sicily has shown that it can as successfully be exploited as a prelude for immense Combined Operations.

Thus, in the Mediterranean, the Battle of Britain has been reversed.

Keeping Cool

All through Occupied Europe the news has rekindled the fires of hope and redoubled the fears of the slave-masters. Here in Britain, as in those oppressed lands where premature risings would be costly, confidence is matched by caution.

Public feeling has been in exact accord with the restraint of the official communiques.

We all know the hazards of the task we have begun, the need to work as never before to produce the enormous supplies on which our fighting men depend.

And this healthy realism will prevent undue elation at early successes or disappointment at any setback.

Flaws in the Steel?

We did not need the proof of the last few days that the United Nations have skilful generals, air superiority, mighty naval forces and troops second to none. We've had that knowledge for quite a while now.

But it has been gratifying to disprove the enemy boasts of "invulnerable Axis defences" and "unbroken coasts of steel." Essen isn't the only place where steel is made—and ours may be harder.

In Russia Now

Above all, Russia proves that German metal is not flawless. It is true that the panzers, those moving walls of steel, have given our allies a stern test in the Kursk sector. But they have crashed against even tougher stuff—and been blunted in the process.

Their new offensive follows the pattern predicted in these columns. Undoubtedly the Russians are right in asserting that it was forced upon the reluctant Nazi High Command.

Made to Move

The German war machine would rust if it remained idle. The rust would be caused by the knowledge of what is happening in the Ruhr.

Something had to be done to take the men's minds off the events in their Homeland. And, as we have said, an effort also had to be made to straighten the German lines and thus release more divisions for the West.

Going Well

That goes for the Japanese, too.

They will cling might and main to their outposts in the South-West Pacific. They will reinforce where possible. They are not likely, however, to risk their main fleet. It might suit us if they did!

Very soon, our drive towards the small air base of Munda should encourage a direct assault on Rabaul—first of the main Jap strongholds in our path. It will be bitterly defended; but, on the whole, the new Allied offensive promises to shape well.

In the Frozen North

Meanwhile, in the North Pacific, Japan faces a fresh danger.

In the Aleutians, that string of islands which points like a dagger towards Tokio, "miracles" are being performed. Great bases are being blasted from the solid ice on the fogbound land so recently recaptured by the Americans. They should soon prove very, very useful.

Victory in Sight

That is just one of the reasons for the confident note sounded by Marshal Chiang Kai-shek's manifesto.

For six years now the Chinese have battled against a ferocious and fanatical foe. But within the next two years, the Marshal declares, Japan will be crushed.

So Say We All

Confidence, like patriotism, is not enough. Hence his insistence that the long war should be worth winning.

He insists that machinery should be set up now to solve the problems that peace will bring. A realistic demand from a man who has proved himself one of the shrewdest of realists!

"HITLER CAN STILL STAGE A VERY NASTY RAID"—*Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Security, in the House of Commons, 30/6/43.*

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A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY FOR EVERY READER

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Hammering Down

Let us be as shrewd in appraising the Battle of the Ruhr.

"Your adversary may be hammered to his knees by bombing, but he will recover unless the knock-out blow is delivered by the ground army." Such is the view of the air-minded Chief of Staff of the American Army, General Marshall.

That hammering has been going on for a good while now. And German production *as a whole* has fallen in the last six months.

More to Come

It is true that arms production has been maintained, even increased. But—a vital point which some newspapers have ignored—this has been done only by drawing on stocks of parts already made.

Henceforth, the trend of production should be uniformly downwards.

New Eighth Army

For the Americans are now getting into their stride with the amazingly successful daylight sallies.

'Planes are arriving from across the Atlantic in such numbers that General Eaker is reorganising the U.S. Eighth Army Air Force.

R.A.F. Still Growing

On its bombing raids from British bases, it has already destroyed 1,199 enemy 'planes for the loss of 276 heavy bombers.

We cannot expect comparable figures for the R.A.F.'s more difficult night attacks. But we have the consolation of knowing that, though our air marshals have the most ambitious plans for the next few months, they will not be frustrated by lack of 'planes or crews.

There will be no respite for Germany's industrial targets and her overburdened transport system.

Shipping Facts

Our own transport system shows improvement. Last month brought a million tons of new shipping *in excess* of sinkings.

The shipping debate in the Commons, however, should convince any intelligent person that we need as many new vessels as we can get—and then some more.

Asking for Trouble

Feebly and foolishly, the Government has agreed to hand over war-built vessels to private owners after the war.

Is the aircraft industry—extended at enormous expense to the public—to be made into a similarly close preserve for private shareholders?

Are air transport companies to be allowed to scramble for world traffic after the war, and perhaps arouse resentments which will foster another war?

Make Them Public

The issue was raised last week by the N.U.R., which demanded national ownership and control of all forms of transport.

It is a vital issue. It will grow in significance as the war's end draws nearer.

The public must be on its guard lest the Government perpetrates another shameful sell-out.

Pensions Climb-Down

The simple demand should be made that all transport be administered for the public benefit. Northern Ireland's example is one for all Britain to follow.

Do not doubt that the Government has to obey public wishes. The new Pensions Bill will provide the proof—for the Ministry of Pensions has been ordered by the Cabinet to sweep away all the irritating restrictions and meannesses that have aroused popular indignation.

Cleaner Milk

The next item of good news has already been announced to Parliament.

Milk supplies are to be made cleaner. At present, some dairy herds are not inspected from one year's end to the other. In future, they *will* be inspected at least once a year—with special inspection of herds with a bad record.

Well, that's one short step in the direction to which JOHN BULL has pointed.

Two E's

Then there are the sweeping reforms proposed by the new Education Bill. There is another big change promised by Herbert Morrison's Electoral Reform Bill.

Pay-As-You-Go

We may even be eased of debt by a pay-as-you-go method of income tax.

Sir Kingsley Wood makes it clear that he is not opposed to this "bloodless revolution" that JOHN BULL has so strongly urged. His problem is to find a suitable method.

But detailed schemes have been sent to his Department. Are they all impracticable? And cannot the Treasury enlist the country's best financial brains?

Fairer Justice

Finally, a new Bill will remove some of the existing anomalies in Workmen's Compensation—though the complete remedy must surely be found in the Beveridge Plan.

On the whole, therefore, we can report progress.

Not only at home, but on the road that leads to Berlin and on to Tokio.

(Continued overleaf)

QUICK WORK

● **Only one in every five children is able to get a meal at school. But rapid revolution is on the way.**

When the autumn term begins, the school feeding service will cater for 3,000,000 youngsters instead of the present 1,250,000.

We can thank the Ministry of Works for this astonishingly quick work.

How is it being done? The answer is simply that the Ministry is having school canteens prefabricated.

In other words, parts of the kitchens are being mass-produced in factories so that they can be assembled easily and speedily in the schools.

JOHN BULL has long urged an adequate meal system for the youngsters. It has stressed the value of prefabrication to meet sudden building demands.

So we hope the Ministry of Works will now use the quick-production-in-the-factory method to provide the houses so urgently required for farm labourers and other essential war workers.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Continued from preceding page

Whitehall Wants Weeding Out—M.P.s and C.3's—Hope Sprang from Hot Springs

THE country can't afford a single idle man or woman to-day. The Government knows that; wives with working husbands and children at school know it.

That's why they're not complaining now that Mr. Bevin is making his final "comb-out."

That Extra Job

But what so many of us know just as well is that the country's man- and woman-power is still not being fully utilised.

That's what rankles with the over-burdened housewife who is directed to an extra job. The orders come from Whitehall, and it's in Whitehall that there's as much man-power wastage as anywhere else.

Not Done!

The Civil Service is too close to the Government. Before the war it was 300,000 strong—now it's 700,000. There has been too much recruitment, too little concentration of effort.

We don't say Mr. Bevin is frightened of weeding out the Government offices whether they're in S.W.1 or Whitehall-by-the-Sea. We know that thousands of redundant civil servants themselves would be glad to get some work that would help us to win. They want a "comb-out." But it just isn't done.

Even though the Ministry of Labour itself is due to lose 3,300 of its staff, this reduction hasn't started. And there are 90,000 redundant workers in other Ministries!

P.R.O.

Take one case—the Service Public Relations Branches. A month or so ago it was announced that they had 1,100 employees between them costing £460,000 a year.

Certainly a few of them are necessary in helping us to find out what our soldiers and sailors and airmen are doing. And certainly a great many of the rest are needed to whitewash official mistakes. But 1,100!

Sympathy Needed

Even in the war factories better production could be got out of existing labour if it were used with more sympathy and intelligence.

For month after month JOHN BULL'S postbag has shown a high percentage of letters from men and women obviously keen to work themselves to the very last ounce, but thwarted by time-wasting rules or petty injustices.

Well Looked After

A Middlesex correspondent sends us some curious figures. "At the factory where I work (he says) they're employing twice as many supervisors as before the war with only 50 per cent. of the total of pre-war employees. Over 90 per cent. of these supervisors are under thirty-two years of age."

There may be a good reason for those curious figures. The standard of supervision may be twice as high as in the good old days. Yes, it may be. . . .

Serious Question and—

The War Office, through its Financial Secretary, has given a Parliamentary answer to a question JOHN BULL has been asking for months. Why does the Army keep men who will never be fit enough to fight?

Major Henderson explains at great length something we all know; that there are jobs in the Army that can be done by C.3 men, and that if they *are* done by C.3 men then the fit soldier will be freed for fighting.

—Half an Answer

That's a real Parliamentary answer because it isn't an answer at all. Of course, we know that there have to be Army storemen, clerks, telephone orderlies. Of course, we know that men of low medical category can do this work.

What we want Major Henderson to be sure about is this: that the Army (and the other Services) are not clinging stupidly to men who, with home comforts and medical attention a little different from sick parade standards, would use their skill to far greater advantage in civilian war work.

"It's No Joke"

"It isn't a joke being an unfit man in the Army." That's a sentence from a soldiers' letter to us this week. He's been in uniform since September, 1940. Before that he had had two operations and has since suffered from stomach trouble.

Like so many who write to us he is excused many of the normal activities of Army life, but he's still retained as a soldier.

A Good Start

Tardily the Allied Food Conference at Hot Springs got the publicity it deserved. Now we know that practical men, not dreamers or theorists, made a good start on the job of seeing that no one in the world goes hungry.

The Minister of Food has explained that the success was by no means a foregone conclusion.

Easier Afterwards

He knows, if anyone does, of the vested interests that are far from muffled even now. Especially welcome was his repeated forecast of price control for foodstuffs after the war.

The more that point can be emphasised now, the easier it will be to keep control when the Armistice gives business sharks their chance to bite at unfair profits again.

Beware Bandits

On those lines Mr. John Brown has just been talking some sound common sense. He's been giving us another warning against what he calls the "smash-and-grab brigades" who're bound to spring up as soon as we've won.

General Secretary of the Iron and Steel Federation, member of the General Council of the T.U.C., and of Sir William Jowitt's Advisory Committee on post-war reconstruction, Mr. John Brown also wants a continuance of price controls.

After the Money

So do we. So do the steel men and other trade unionists. But influential interests want price wars to start again as soon as we get peace.

They know there'll be a rush to replace clothing, household equipment and the like. They know there'll be plenty of money about. And they'll be after that money unless we decide now to accept the warnings of our wiser leaders.

Anti-Travel Idea

Holiday queues are still making the news despite the Government's posters and publicity. At Fleetwood people have been spending whole nights waiting for the Isle of Man boats. At all the big stations the crowds are regularly so big that many people never even hope for a seat.

The railwaymen themselves have been appealing against unnecessary travel, but they haven't been able to suggest a remedy.

Here's one minor suggestion: Let the organisers of club draws stop offering railway tickets as prizes. All the prizes in a draw held in Lancashire last month were tickets to Morecambe, Southport or Blackpool.

It's Cheating

Holidays are out of the question for a lot of small shoe repairers just now. They're not having an easy time, and some have written to tell us so, to complain of leather shortage, high costs, and controlled prices.

But there are a few who are cheating. A reader went into a Central London shop the other day, asked to have a pair of rubber soles and heels fitted. Though he was supplying the rubbers and the nails and cement he was told the price would be 5s.

He wasn't satisfied and took the job to another shop where he got it done for 1s.

Helping Waste

That was sensible saving—a thing that ought to be a good deal commoner where public money is concerned. The Ministry of Pensions, which is making the country furious by its niggardliness over bfoad principles, quite happily encourages waste in the little things.

Emergency grants, payable to help members of the Forces and Civil Defence Services in cases of sudden illness, can't be claimed unless you ask for more than £2.

Asked Too Little

The friend of a colleague, not knowing the ways of Sir Walter Womersley, put in a doctor's bill for £1 16s. 6d., and asked for a War Service Grant. He asked for 3s. 6d. too little and didn't get anything at all.

Doesn't that encourage people to see their bills go above the £2 mark? doesn't it sound like a rule that will be dear to the heart of the squanderbug?

Colonial Clean-up

Not everything in the Colonial garden is lovely, but a good deal has been done in the last six years to clean up one of its uglier aspects—exploitation of native labour.

Three-quarters of the Colonial Empire now has Labour Departments or full-time labour inspectors. Six years ago the territory so covered was only one quarter of the whole.

Loosen the Shackles

But many of the 300 native trade unions do not enjoy full freedom to organise. For example, peaceful picketing is illegal in some areas.

A new White Paper gives as a reason for employers refusing to negotiate with unions that some of the unions have not yet acquired a "sense of responsibility."

Maybe they haven't, for people become responsible only as they have a chance to exercise responsibility.

Let the Colonial governments pluck up a little courage and loosen some of the shackles which prevent the unions standing erect like men!

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Mediterranean must not make us ignore small but significant change in the Burma war. Japanese there haven't been able to increase air power; we have. And we mean to keep ahead.**
- *Goebbels lies when he says Ruhr industries have made mass moves to Silesia. If industries went, coal would have to go, too. R.A.F. knows German railways couldn't tackle that job. So does Goebbels.*
- Railways have become one of Hitler's weakest points. They were fine for supporting a lightning war; totally inadequate with vast fighting front in heart of Russia.
- **The new attack on Russia was designed by Field-Marshal von Manstein, who has taken charge of operations. He and his close friend Rundstedt are now in complete control of the German war machine.**
- *Journey of Mihai Antonescu, Rumania's Vice-Premier, to Rome has aroused suspicions of Hitler. Nazis fear Mihai may try to enlist Mussolini's help against his cousin Antonescu.*
- Hostages in occupied countries are being moved by night to Germany, to be held both as bargaining counters with Allies and as threats to fellow countrymen who help invaders.
- **New form of sabotage in European coastal zones is postponement of ploughing by farmers under various excuses. Only now have Nazis suddenly realised how well their slaves have "made hay."**
- *Food value of rations throughout Reich and Italy has dropped from 2,000 calories to 1,400 since last winter. Pre-war value was 2,800 calories; present British average over 2,600.*
- Donald Nelson's figures of U.S.-Canadian production are, if anything, under-estimate. But British aircraft output, if revealed, would surprise the world still more!

- **Employees of a Midland transport firm got what they thought was an insult with their wage packets the other week. The same insult was stuck up in every drivers' "pull-up" from Birmingham to London.**

★ ★ ★

The firm was trying to do a good thing—save tyres. In the men's wage packets they put a slip of paper explaining how acute the rubber shortage has become.

It said: "Do you look after your tyres as carefully as you check your wages?" and went on: "When the tyres of your wagon are worn out we cannot replace them. That means that YOU WILL BE OUT OF WORK. The Army wants man-power—DO YOU WANT TO GO INTO THE ARMY? If so, join now and leave your tyres for someone else who doesn't."

★ ★ ★

That sounds like a very unpleasant insinuation. It was answered by the man who sent us a copy of the firm's appeal. "There isn't a trunk man among us who hasn't been to volunteer (he says), but with no success. They say our work is essential."

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

WASTE MUST NEVER RETURN

NOTHING can be more wasteful than war, but nothing so sharpens men's wits to avoid waste.

During this war we have discovered many new ways to save labour, transport, fuel and raw materials.

And, if we want all our people to have a fair share of available supplies when peace returns, we shall certainly have to follow up and improve upon some of these experiments.

This is particularly true of distribution. Britain's distributive system used to be shockingly wasteful. It has become less so (though there are still some bad leakages) owing to official controls, which some people resent.

These controls may be opposed more strongly still after the war is over. But unless some measure of control is continued we cannot hope to establish a new and saner system of distribution for the benefit of the country as a whole.

Before September, 1939, the distributive trade was the largest in the country. Perhaps it always will be, for it includes the carriage of goods as well as their buying and selling.

The fact remains that our distributive army was swollen by a host of unnecessary middlemen.

And its operations were hampered by much senseless competition and an almost total lack of *national* organisation.

Middlemen there must always be. Rationally, the chain of distribution needs at least five links—producer, carrier, wholesaler, retailer, consumer. In practice, however, it may have a dozen or a score.

During the ten or twenty years before the war things got worse instead of better. Goods soared in price as distributive parasites multiplied in number.

Between producer and consumer, goods changed hands so often that in the end fewer people could afford to buy them and artificial shortage ensued.

INTERNATIONAL distribution was cursed by the same kind of parasitic pest and the same sort of organisational dry rot.

That is why crops were burnt in order to keep prices up, and otherwise sane business men used to pray for drought to save the farmers—and the financiers!

In a vague and general sort of way everybody was aware of the cruel and wicked absurdities of this unplanned, greedy, muddle-headed way of sharing out the earth's resources.

But neither our own Government nor any other made any resolute attempt to solve the whole problem until the war compelled them to tackle it bit by bit.

Even in the second and third years of the present world conflict a good many absurdities were still tolerated here.

Tons of fish were sold in Aberdeen at less than a farthing each to feed pigs, while, less than 100 miles away, the same kind of fish was being sold to war workers at 6d. each.

In Birmingham, within a period of two months, 89 tons of food, including poultry, game and tinned goods, had to be condemned because of distributional breakdowns. In the same city during the same period 91 tons of fruit and vegetables were also scrapped.

Covent Garden was at one time piled high with thousands of cases of tomatoes and 30,000 oranges, all going bad.

In Leeds, large quantities of vegetables were dumped in the markets to rot, while lambs slaughtered in Dumfries were sent to London and then returned by rail to Manchester!

Again and again JOHN BULL has drawn the attention of the authorities to scandals of this kind

Gradually things began to improve. The Government imposed a series of controls upon the distributive trade, and these put an end to the more obvious and flagrant scandals.

But the middlemen were aggrieved! The London Chamber of Commerce asked Lord Woolton and Sir Andrew Duncan, last year to share out a bigger proportion of war time trade among merchants, brokers, dealers and factors. To their credit, both Ministers refused to do so.

Even the "bummarees"—those middlemen who bought fish not from the ports but from inland wholesalers for resale to the shops—were eventually put out of business.

Industries became more and more concentrated. Redundant firms were closed down for duration and the country was zoned for supplies.

No longer is Bristol chocolate sold in York and Yorkshire chocolate freighted to the West Country. Indeed, all useless carriage of goods has been curtailed, though we are still far from the economy maximum of allowing no truckload to proceed anywhere unless "its journey is really necessary."

We do not deny that a number of hard cases has resulted from such control. *But* rationalisation of food distribution, excluding milk and bread, has enabled 34,000 vehicles to be laid up, with a saving to the nation of 25,000,000 gallons of petrol a year!

That is a definite gain which none can dispute. On the other hand, the problem of distribution as a whole is still far from complete solution.

For instance, Sir Thomas Baxter, chairman of the Milk Marketing Board, charges the Government with introducing *more* wholesalers and agents into the milk trade.

He says that the official scheme is "already leading to a long chain of distribution charges and encouraging supplies to pass through many separate hands."

Again, Sir Douglas McCraith, chairman of the committee watching food prices in the North Midlands, has given examples of goods changing hands several times over without leaving the warehouse and with the prices rising with every deal.

With the result that the consumer has had to pay as much as 3s. 6d. for an article costing the original importer only 8½d.!

The coal trade is still riddled with unnecessary middlemen, much as it was when Sir Richard Redmayne issued his Royal Commission Report some years ago.

In short, there is room for much further reform. But the point to emphasise is that, if even the partial war time controls are lifted when the war ends, we shall inevitably return to the old scramble for profits, the old, sad waste of transport, and the dreary inflation of costs.

It is, therefore, imperative in the national interest to begin planning *at once* for a more rational distributional system after the war ends.

Existing controls are providing the Board of Trade with the first outline of a census of distribution which is an essential preliminary to any major reform. The United States benefited in peace time by such a census, but so far none has been attempted here.

It should now not only be attempted but carried through without delay. Distribution must be planned to meet national needs in a business-like way.

THUS, all farm produce should be handled by a marketing corporation. Indeed, both farmer and consumer would benefit if food were distributed on a non-profit basis.

Only by planning can the efficient small shopkeeper be saved from becoming the prey of middlemen who never handle the goods they buy and sell, and the consumer be assured of adequate supplies at reasonable prices.

In other words, the great distributive trade must be cleansed of the parasites which infest it. We must be ruthless with the speculators and the profiteers.

This is not a problem which can wait for victory. It should be tackled with the utmost resolution now, because all waste hampers the war effort

And the lessons of economic distribution and rationalisation afforded by our present efforts to meet the strain of war conditions should serve as a blue-print for our future guidance. Waste must never come back.

Seamen Will Live to Bless Him

A MAN who was too old to fight in the last war has the satisfaction of knowing he will have saved countless lives in this.

At seventy-eight years of age, Gifford Pinchot, a former Governor of Pennsylvania, has solved a problem which baffled the world for centuries.

★ ★ ★

He is the man who has taught the scientists that you can get drinking-water from fish.

You will have heard of the new fishing kit for this purpose, now being supplied in the rubber dinghies of aircraft and in lifeboats and rafts of seagoing vessels, but little has been heard of the man responsible.

It was early in 1942 that the ex-Governor, reading one of those heartrending and all-too-common stories of castaways drifting for days on end, agonised by thirst, swore that he would find some way of getting drinking-water from the sea.

It was when Pinchot was lying awake one night, wrestling with the problem, that a flash of intuition told him the bodies of fish must surely, like those of other creatures, be composed partly of water.

And having eaten raw fish himself on several occasions during pre-war adventures in the Pacific, he knew it wasn't salty and was, in addition, an almost complete diet.

Next morning he bought a sea fish from the local fishmonger, cut up the flesh, wrapped the bits in cheesecloth, and he and his wife twisted the ends.

The result was that they wrung out of the fish a pinkish fluid, which proved quite palatable.

★ ★ ★

An official experiment, in which two American seamen voluntarily lived for ten days on iron rations (no water) and fish juice only and came through in perfect health, clinched the matter.

Obviously, all that was now needed to keep castaways supplied with both food *and* water was a simple fishing kit.

Pinchot, fighting his way through hordes of bureaucrats—they have them over there, too—eventually reached the U.S. Navy Aeronautical Bureau, who were so impressed that they promptly ordered 50,000 sets of tackle of the type suggested by the elderly ex-Governor for the collapsible rubber boats carried in their 'planes.

★ ★ ★

The Navy proper followed with an order for 33,000 sets for lifeboats and rafts.

Gifford Pinchot's life-saving snowball had begun to gather speed and weight.

Already upwards of 100,000 sets of tackle have been fitted in rubber dinghies, and it is expected that 250,000 will be fitted to lifeboats and rafts of the U.S. Navy alone.

That settled, the indefatigable ex-Governor forwarded his plan to all the United Nations.

The rest is up to them.

For himself, he is proud and happy to have been the instrument of saving lives both during and after a second world war in which they wouldn't let him join.

PATRICK SPENCER.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. WILLIAM MABANE, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—You told a Norwich audience that "there are many to-day who, intoxicated by the heady wine of war time control, are busily preaching a controlled society as the greatest good that can befall us when victory has been achieved."

And you added: "I would think a precise and logically ordered society a bad exchange for freedom."

Few people of intelligence will dispute your assertion. Behind all the sacrifice, suffering and endeavour of war is the shining light of that greater freedom which is the incentive for our struggle.

Yet I cannot see how we can achieve that wider social freedom—security from want, hunger, poverty and disease—without some sort of discipline or rationalisation.

Freedom with social chaos or mismanagement is not so desirable. Freedom without plenty to eat is a hollow mockery—as so many millions discovered in the lean and idle years after the last war.

The Beveridge Plan, if adopted, must mean a reorganisation of society. And that reorganisation must entail a certain impingement on our private lives.

But it will not, of necessity, be *control*. It will be an essential supervision of living. Wide post-war reforms such as I envision could not be carried through haphazardly.

Freedom in itself will not suffer. Your picture of a nation of robots, at the beck and call of bureaucratic busybodies, is a little overdone. Be liberal-minded, please.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR MR. HUDSON,—You have just paid fitting tribute to our farmers and agricultural workers for the wonderful crops now flourishing in the fertile fields of Britain.

A harvest of nearly 100,000,000 tons is awaiting the reaper. From dawn to dusk men and women have wrestled with the earth and have extracted from it food as vital to the war effort as 'planes and tanks.

But, my dear Minister, your praise smacks a little of hypocrisy. Is, then, the labourer not worthy of his hire? Are the men, the despised yokels of other days, who have made possible this bounteous contribution to the nation's food stores, to appeal in vain for better wages?

I remember with shame the bitter fight agricultural workers had to make before their meagre wages were raised eighteen months ago to the present scale of £3 a week.

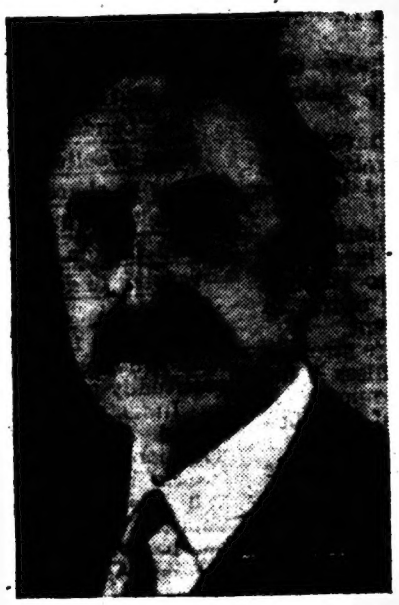
Before the war the man who drove the furrow and harrowed the land, guided the reaper and stooked the corn, was the most neglected and least rewarded member of the industrial community. Rude, uncultured, unsung, he was just part and parcel of the soil he cultivated.

Now he has become indispensable. He has turned Britain into a vast, rich storehouse. His sweat has watered the earth and his weary limbs and calloused hands have toiled on when they must have cried for rest.

He wants a rise of £1 to bring his magnificent income up to £4 a week. Who shall oppose his claim? Not you, surely, Mr. Hudson, after the praise you have bestowed on him?—JOHN BULL.

CARDIFF WATCH COMMITTEE.—Bad idea to let police inspectors give "good hiding" to young hooligans on the spot. It might lead to mistakes and injustices—and police wouldn't welcome the added responsibility.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW, P.C.,
Famed for the "Barlow Report" on Industry



DEAR SIR,—Your appeal for an early Government decision on its planning policy emphasises the urgent need for prompt action in this highly important matter.

For months now I, as a strong supporter of the Uthwatt Report, have constantly urged the Government to translate the concrete proposals contained in the report into practical legislation.

For reasons best known to the Government themselves, the Uthwatt recommendations, made public months ago, are still ignored.

A year and a half ago the Government declared in favour of the Royal Commission on Housing's call for a national policy. But since then, as you point out, not an effective step has been taken.

This lack of central direction nullifies the valuable work done by the Uthwatt Committee.

What is the Government afraid of? What reactionary interests are holding up that progress so essential to the housing needs of the nation?

Why has the Uthwatt Plan been shelved? I have sought in vain to discover the answer to this question.

But I have my suspicions—and they are not pleasant ones. I believe that the real opposition to the Uthwatt Plan comes from the great landed interests.

The Uthwatt Plan, if adopted, would stabilise the value of land and property at a fair price. It would prevent that greedy speculation which in the past has sent the cost of houses soaring.

It would also debar landlords from making money merely through new towns being built or old ones extended over their property.

Our laws respecting land and property are antiquated; legislation in this respect has not kept abreast of the times. The land ramp must be checked and the best way to check it is to carry out to the letter the proposals of the Uthwatt Report.

Don't be discouraged at the Government's apathy, Sir Montague. Keep at them; goad them whenever you can. And, above all, be uncompromising. The men with a plan must win in the end.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Wanted—A New Wage System

ONE far from satisfactory feature of modern living is that life for many millions of people must always be reckoned in terms of wages, and not in terms of contentment.

* * *

Out of wages—low wages, poor wages, the wages of the exploited and the wages of the underfed—comes discontent. Out of the desire for higher or lower wages come strikes and lock-outs.

Sometimes, as was the case after the last war, industry gets into such a pitiable mess that it cannot afford even to pay those meagre wages which keep the worker's body and soul together.

You can't blame the wage system for this. Blame rather the haphazard evolution of industry.

Our early industrialists in their rush for riches—indeed, industrialists the world over—did not look ahead.

They had no vision beyond their profit and loss account.

In that mad stampede for money and markets industry refused all or any social obligations. Slums sprang up in the shadow of shipyards and steelworks; the textile towns of Lancashire and the West Riding sprawled ever more widely in indescribable ugliness. The rights of workers were few—the rights to exist, to sweat, to go dirty and hungry, and to die.

Wages were the last charge on industry. And what mean, insulting wages they were!

Men toiled eighty-four hours a week at pig-iron furnaces for 25s.

Statistics issued by the Ministry of Labour show that while millions of workers are to-day earning substantially more than before the war they are really earning the extra money by working longer and harder.

In other words, industry has yielded some percentage increase in wages to compensate for the higher cost of living, but the greater part of the extra earnings is due to extra effort on the part of the workers, and not to the beneficence of the industrial bosses.

I know that there is no alternative to wages so long as the imperfections of society persist. But I believe that the whole system of earnings can—and must be—revised.

* * *

I believe that the only equitable way to assess a man's wages is to establish a *minimum* standard of life and living in terms of housing, food, clothes, leisure, and marginal expenses, and then compel industry to pay the cost of that living as wages.

As a man's family grows and his needs become greater, so should his wages increase.

LADY TWEEDSMUIR

MY LADY,—Of all the contributions to solving the many problems that will arise after the war, yours is one of the most sensible.

Under your leadership an instructional course in Canadian life will be given this month to thirty of the 10,000 British women who have married members of the Canadian Forces.

You realise more than most people the unhappy shocks that came to some of our women after the last war when they went to Canada with their soldier husbands.

They had no conception of conditions "over there." They had to revise some of their social ideas. They had to conform to strange standards, and readjust certain values. The upheaval in their lives was so shattering that some of them failed to win that happiness they had set out to find.

The course you have organised for to-day's wives and sweethearts of Canadians will do much to avoid a repetition of such experiences.

A corner of Canada will be created in Britain. And there our women will receive advice from Canadian specialists. They will learn of the snags that await them and will receive practical instruction in the ways of Canada's life.

I sincerely trust that this course is successful. I feel that every one of the 10,000 British women concerned should attend a similar course. And I know that if you can possibly achieve this you will do so. My thanks and congratulations.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Col. BATTLE,
O.C. 1st Kesteven (Lincs) Bn., Home Guard

DEAR COLONEL,—At 11 o'clock one night recently—so reports go—you issued a surprise muster order to between 600 and 700 men of your battalion. Many of them were in bed after a hard day's work in the fields.

Your reason for this call-out was that "the men had just gone to bed and that it was valuable practice."

None will deny that. The Home Guard's whole organisation has been directed to the purpose of meeting surprise calls. For three long years now the men have stood ready, awaiting, they know not when, a possible call to arms.

But what puzzles me is that you should select for the first night exercise in two years a night when most of your men were dog-tired.

Our bumper harvest is nearly ready, and the men whose job it is to bring that harvest to maturity and then to garner it need as much sleep as they can possibly get.

Surely there were plenty of nights before the hay harvest began when you could have ordered the surprise muster. And surely there will be other nights when the corn is in and the root crops safely stored for exercises similar to those you ordered recently.

Home Guard commanders are given a lot of discretion. They must adjust the training of their men to local conditions of work and living.

I hope you will bear this in mind when you next decide on a night exercise.—JOHN BULL.

DR. EVATT.—Yes, those big new plans for emigration to the Dominions must be planned carefully and scientifically. Britons must not be forced to emigrate because of unemployment. And they must be assured of reasonable conditions when they arrive in their new land. There must be no repetition of those scandals after the last war!—JOHN BULL.

★ *The Royal Navy's skill, the brilliance of Coastal Command, the toil and sweat of our shipyard workers—all these are helping to defeat the U-boats. But without the simple courage of our Merchant Seamen the fight would long ago have been lost. Here's a story of that courage, the story of a ship's company who helped to beat Hitler when—*

They Went Back to an Inferno

"Fires broke out, flamed and raged, driving smoke in blinding, stinging clouds"

SONS OF THE SEAS—No. 1

★

By COMMODORE, G. PURSEY PHILLIPS

GERMANY began this war with seventy-one U-boats at sea, at action stations—and sank the passenger-liner *Athenia* without warning a few hours after the outbreak.

But the British Navy, too, had all its plans ready. Our convoy system came into effect immediately. Assembly places for convoys had already been arranged, and the ships to form particular convoys were already listed.

Fourteen big convoys were at sea inside three weeks. And two of the men already trained in the specialised work of sailing in convoy were Captain Francis Main and First Petty Officer Robert Hardy. Because of their fine seamanship and resource, they carried out their peaceful trade across the oceans in spite of Hitler's boasted "wolf packs" for a long while without loss.

Then came a day when they received orders to load dangerous cargo, and to sail with a big convoy to a certain vital destination.

Notorious Route

Main's vessel was heavily loaded, and took its place in the convoy. The route they had to take was one notorious for lurking U-boats of the biggest ocean-going kind.

Hour after hour, through daylight and darkness, the Skipper or the First Officer stood on watch. But no human vigilance can ensure safety at sea, and there came suddenly the frightful explosion of a torpedo.

Immediately the ship began to settle. It seemed clear that she was mortally struck, and would not live for more than an hour. Fires broke out, flamed and raged, driving smoke aft in blinding, stinging clouds.

And under their feet was danger.

Captain Main grimly ordered away the boats.

Somewhere in the mist, there lay a submarine, probably still watching them; waiting, perhaps, to send another torpedo into the wrecked hull to make sure of it.

Strange Happening

The boats pulled away hard, so as to be as far as possible from an explosion if it took place.

And then one of those strange things happened that is a caprice of the ocean. The wind veered.

Captain Main shouted an order to rest on the oars.

He was watching the flames aboard his ship. The wind was moving round, blowing them off for'ard, instead of carrying them greedily aft.

The seamen in the boats waited, watching this drama of fire and wind and sea. They knew what was in their Skipper's mind.

"We'll return to the ship!" Main said abruptly.

Captain and First Mate climbed up the side of their burning vessel, while the rest of the boat's crews stayed in their places below.

The chief fire was now blazing in the galley, close to which the main hold contained hundreds of tons of ammunition.

Fight Against Fire

Hardy and Main got out the fire hoses and began doggedly to fight the flames.

They would not yet let anyone come aboard; the peril was too grave and instant; if the ship were destroyed they would give their lives, and hope that the boats might escape.

For over an hour, on that sinking vessel, lying so perilously down that it seemed she might sink at any moment, those two men fought a winning battle to drive the engulfing fire from the cargo.

When they paused at last, sweat runneled through the sooty black of their faces, hands blistered, clothes singed in twenty places, they had smothered that fire to a dirty, smoking smother.

And in their minds was another thought. *Why not sail the ship home?*

They looked at each other with that question unspoken. And then Main said hoarsely: "Call up the men, and sound the siren to recall the other boats."

The men came tumbling up, shouting and laughing like tars on Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, instead of men returning to what looked like a death-ship. In the murk, the U-boat might still have been watching. The men knew that.

The Skipper was climbing stiffly towards the bridge. The First Mate was directing work at the pumps, which began to clank and spout. Other officers were examining the damage done below, and looking at the torpedo-rent in the bows.

Over all, the siren was shouting its hoarse, intermittent yell of recall and victory.

Repairing a torpedoed ship is a job for a shipwright, with a building yard, floating dock, thousands of skilled men.

But Main and Hardy were prepared to repair their ship at sea.

Every man aboard seemed inspired. The engineers performed miracles; the ship's carpenter organised gangs who did things with splintered shoring, tarpaulins, odd props, and bits of broken metal.

All this time, the vessel lay to, a sitting target. But, very soon, British naval and air defences arrived. Out there on the ocean was a disabled merchantman, just waiting to be sunk. The Germans did not sink her because they could not. They did not even try, because they did not dare.

And so the repairs went steadily on. There were incredible improvisations. No one except her own company thought she would move a cable's length without sinking.

The time came for her to go—if she could!

"I will arrange a tug for you," came a signal from a helpful naval officer.

"Tug be damned!" the derelict answered promptly and proudly. "I am going back to port under my own steam."

Men on the ships around literally held their breath as she began, infinitely slowly, to move off. And then, spontaneously, they burst into a ragged cheer.

Smashed for'ard, badly burned, her decks a litter of wreckage, she puffed sturdily along. Her Skipper was up on her bridge in his rightful place—that place from which 500 lb of Nazi high explosive had failed to shift him.

Torpedoes cost over £2,000 apiece, but they are wasted on men like this.

Grand Welcome

Steadily, nursing her along, he brought the ship home. As she entered port, the vessels there, one after another, gave her a welcome from their sirens, and from the men who crowded their sides to cheer her in.

Captain Main received the O.B.E., and Hardy the M.B.E.

But, more even than that acknowledgment of their courage, those men had the knowledge that their ship which they loved would sail again, and that the dirty U-boats had taken just one more unexpected poke in the nose!

Who Invented Points Rationing?

DID a JOHN BULL reader invent points rationing—which we showed recently to be one of the most revolutionary economic experiments of our time?

Our statement that the Ministry of Food itself cannot say to whom the credit should be awarded has brought an interesting claim from Mr. Douglas R. Bishop, of "Fairfield," Dawlish, South Devon.

★ ★ ★

He is not dogmatic enough to say that the scheme is based on a letter he sent to the Ministry of Food in 1940.

All he asks is that his claim should be compared with that of any other that might be made.

The facts are that in 1928 Mr. Bishop pioneered a scheme to encourage people to deal with small grocers.

It was called the Bishop Points System. Customers received a card called the Point Collecting Card.

The card was ruled off into a hundred squares each called a point, and when you spent a shilling with a participating grocer he cancelled the square, not by detaching it, as is done to-day, but by obliterating it with a slip of paper on which occurred the words: "One Point."

When your hundred point squares had been obliterated, you became entitled to a free issue of points goods.

Mr. Bishop wrote to the Food Minister in 1940 suggesting not this scheme, but a development of it—a development which we, reading his letter, think not very different from points rationing as we know it to-day.

He suggested a general issue to everybody of ten points a week. He went on to say that people should be able to spend their points as they liked.

He even pointed out what great help it would give the Ministry in dealing with foodstuffs in temporarily small supply.

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In fact, the only real difference we see between Mr. Bishop's scheme and the one adopted is that he would have permitted the choice of alternatives to such staple foods as meat, bacon and butter.

We understood that that has been considered, but turned down because the Ministry's dietetic experts feel there are certain foods which the public shouldn't be "encouraged to dispense with."

Correspondence between the Ministry and Mr. Bishop after the points system had been adopted throws little or no light on whether or not Mr. Bishop can consider himself a pioneer in rationing.

★ ★ ★

Indeed, on January 27, 1942, the Ministry wrote telling him there was "nothing really novel" in the idea, which, judging by the speeches made on the subject of points by Lord Woolton and his Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Mabane, cannot represent their views.

We repeat: Points rationing represents the issue of a new form of currency, backed not by gold but by the food available at any time. And this currency is shared equally over the community.

The idea, which America has adopted enthusiastically, opens up a wide vista of new social possibilities.

The name of the pioneer should at least be as well-known as that of Mr. Willett, inventor of Daylight Saving.

No Rest for Japan

★ The U.S.A. has shown that, with the Australians and the Dutch, she can keep the Japanese at bay without weakening her blows against Hitler. The balance in the Pacific is still critical. But when we can bomb Tokyo from Chinese bases Tojo's number will be up.

By A. G. GARDINER

AS the war in the West reaches its climax, the Axis Powers turn anxious eyes for signs of relief from the East.

A major disaster to the Allies there might compel such a diversion of force as would blunt the edge of the attack on the Axis fortress.

If Japan scored a decisive victory at sea, and if, as a consequence, Australia and India were in imminent danger of invasion, even the urgency of first destroying Nazi Germany could not delay counter action.

It was this situation that Hitler had in mind when in December, 1941, he gave the word "Go" to Tojo. His promenade to Moscow had come to grief, and a long war was ahead.

This was the moment for Pearl Harbour and the great diversion in the Pacific. The East Indies would be gobbled up, the Indian Ocean seized, Russia by-passed and isolated, and the Axis linked up in Asia Minor.

And with the Axis united the war would be won. Britain's hands would be too full to defeat the plot. America, taken unawares, would be too slow to catch up with Japan's flying start. And such help as America could give would be withdrawn from the Atlantic front to the Pacific.

It was a bold scheme, and for six months it hung in the balance. The first checks to it were the great sea battles of the Coral Sea and Midway Island. Its final extinction was accomplished at Stalingrad and Tunisia.

★ ★ ★

Thus the Axis is still in two watertight compartments, separated by a continent and an ocean. Neither can directly relieve the other. Meanwhile the Anglo-Russo-American systems are a single unit of striking power. *It is the great strategic fact of the war.*

There is another difference, equally potent. The Allies have a single aim—the defeat of the common enemy of mankind.

The Axis has separate, selfish and predatory aims. Nothing is more certain than that, if Germany and Japan won the war, they would fight each other for the empire of the world.

This does not mean that each does not wish for the success of the other. Tojo knows that if Hitler is defeated his own defeat will follow. And *vice versa.*

But it does mean that each is fighting for his own hand—not for a cause, but for plunder and power.

EVERY MOVE THE ALLIES MAKE IS INSPIRED BY THE SINGLE CONSIDERATION: WILL IT SERVE THE COMMON CAUSE? EVERY MOVE THAT TOJO MAKES IS INSPIRED BY THE SINGLE THOUGHT: WILL IT SERVE JAPAN'S INTEREST? AND SO WITH HITLER.

This is the great moral fact of the war.

Together these two facts, the strategic and the moral, should dictate the issue of the war.

★ ★ ★

But though the grand strategy of the Axis in December, 1941, has come ungummed, each still looks to the other for his own relief.

Tojo wants Germany to exhaust the Allies before they can mobilise all their power for his destruction. The longer time he has to dig himself in, the greater will be his chance of keeping what he holds, even if Germany finally collapses.

AND HITLER, IN HIS DESPERATE EMERGENCY, WANTS TOJO TO ACHIEVE SUCH A STRIKING VICTORY AS WILL COMPEL THE ALLIES TO RELAX THEIR GRIP ON HIS EUROPEAN FORTRESS.

What are the prospects of that wish being gratified? Up to the summer of last year the triumphs of the Japanese surpassed in magnitude anything in the history of war.

They conquered an ocean and an empire. They threatened India and Australia. They burst from the Pacific into the Indian Ocean. Asia seemed theirs.

Their raiders appeared off the African coast. Vichy was prepared to welcome them in Madagascar. Any day it seemed they might be in the Persian Gulf.

For forty years Japan had been preparing for this terrific adventure. When it was launched at Pearl Harbour every detail of the plot was perfected—from the Aleutians to the Solomons, and from Hawaii to Mandalay.

Even in retrospect the thing is still staggering in its daring, its completeness, its secrecy, its efficiency, its treachery, its impudence.

★ ★ ★

But the tornado passed. As I said in these columns at the time, Japan had bitten off more than she could chew and would perish from the very extravagance of her victories. Surprise will do much. It will not conquer a world.

It failed as the calculations of gangsters of the type of Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo will always fail, from contempt of the enemy.

How often in the years from 1935 onwards did Mussolini "cock a snook" at this country as a fat, obsolete, degenerate old buffer who would be rolled in the mud by the "dynamic" young lions of Italy and Germany.

How often did Hitler tell us that he would not "tolerate" this, that and the other.

Because we did not use the language of the bully, those bravoes thought we were cowards. They know better now.

In the case of the Pacific the contempt complex was applied to America. She, too, was fat and obsolete and Jew-ridden. She would not fight, and if she did she would be "easy meat" for the dynamic young Japs. All would be over before she could get her sluggish liver active and her war machine in play.

MacArthur looks what he is—a shrewd general. As the Japs have fresh reason to know!

And in any case (this suited Hitler's book) if she did strip for the fight another little war in the Pacific would keep her hands so full that she would vanish from the Atlantic scene.

Things have turned out differently. After some stumbles in the first round America has shown that she can, with the help of the Australians and the Dutch, hold the "Dynamic Young Japs" in the Pacific without lessening the might of her blows against Hitler's fortress in the West.

The first indication that events were not going according to Tojo's plan came with the Coral Sea and Midway Island battles.

These were not merely great victories in themselves. They were omens. The Pacific war is primarily a sea and air war, and the significance of these victories went far beyond the immediate results.

Then came the defeat of the Japanese attack on Port Moresby, the battle of the Owen Stanley Mountains and the capture of Buna.

This was the first definite check to Japan. The tide was not turned, but it was halted. The cloud over Australia began to lift.

There followed the first offensive stroke with the capture last February of Guadalcanal, and the operations in the Solomons have gone far to secure the vital sea communications between America and Australia.

★ ★ ★

But the situation is still critical. Japan has the balance of forces in the South Pacific in her favour. She holds a thousand islands. She has a chain of air and sea bases from Timor to Rabaul and beyond.

Even with the imperious demands on the Atlantic front the position in the Pacific is too touch-and-go to be left to stagnate, and the recent Washington Conference wisely authorised the strengthening of Gen. McArthur's offensive resources.

The problem is not that of routing the Japanese laboriously out of their islands one by one. It is the problem of securing a sufficiency of air and sea bases to exploit our superior air and sea power.

When that superiority can function, and when the Japanese are driven out of the sky and off the sea their communications will be cut and their empire will collapse. It will in the end go as fast as it came.

AND IN THIS TASK OF CUTTING OFF JAPAN FROM THE EAST INDIES BY SEA AND AIR CHINA IS DESTINED TO PLAY A DECISIVE PART.

WHEN WE CAN BOMB TOKYO FROM CHINESE BASES AS TO-DAY WE BOMB THE RUHR TOJO'S NUMBER WILL BE UP.

Meanwhile Hitler looks eastward in vain for help. Japan will not attack Russia. She will risk nothing to ease the strain on Germany. She is fighting for her own hand.

Hitler Has Joined the Reserves

WHERE is Hitler? And what has he been doing in the last few months?

He has virtually disappeared from the German scene. And it can't be pleaded this year that he has been directing big campaigns on the Eastern Front!

★ ★ ★

But I discount the rumours that he has suffered a breakdown, that he is a sick man, that he has actually abandoned the command of his armies. Few guesses about him have ever been justified by events.

Let us get this straight—there can be no doubt that, even in the background, this arch-thug is still an asset in Germany.

Criticism among the German people, widely reported and freely admitted in the Nazi Press, has not, so far, touched the person of Hitler.

Nazi propaganda has worked hard to obliterate from German memories every political or military mistake that can be associated with his name.

Nor is Hitler, as so many think, easily beaten by misfortune. On the contrary.

Megalomaniac that he is, he will always find an excuse for his failures and, in the last resort, blame God for deserting him rather than accept responsibility for his own blunders.

And this heretic madman will be prepared to assert himself and perform feats of energy just when everybody thinks he is finished.

I have seen him grinding his teeth and working up his courage when he received a political setback in the past.

★

A few fits of fury—and soon he regains his self-confidence again.

After every setback or disaster Hitler withdraws to one of his hideouts. It is more than likely that he has spent the last few months in Berchtesgaden, high up in the mountains, thinking, pondering, planning, scheming.

Do not let us underestimate him in such a condition. However ridiculous he may appear to us, when he emerges from his mysterious retreat the German people will pin their faith on the decisions which he has made during his absence.

★ ★ ★

Here, probably, is the cue to the recent Hitler mystery.

Casualties, defeats and bombings have produced a crisis such as Hitler's Germany has never faced before. And it will grow worse.

It is against such a possibility that Hitler is kept in reserve. He remains in the background until all other means to keep the Germans at it have failed.

I have no doubt that Hitler will be resurrected in time to induce them to overcome the greatest test that awaits them.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

pan

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AND IN THIS TASK OF CUTTING OFF JAPAN FROM THE EAST INDIES BY SEA AND AIR CHINA IS DESTINED TO PLAY A DECISIVE PART.

WHEN WE CAN BOMB TOKYO FROM CHINESE BASES AS TO-DAY WE BOMB THE RUHR TOJO'S NUMBER WILL BE UP.

Meanwhile Hitler looks eastward in vain for help. Japan will not attack Russia. She will risk nothing to ease the strain on Germany. She is fighting for her own hand.

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der high up in the mountains, thinking, pondering, planning, scheming.

Do not let us underestimate him in such a condition. However ridiculous he may appear to us, when he emerges from his mysterious retreat the German people will pin their faith on the decisions which he has made during his absence.

★ ★ ★

Here, probably, is the cue to the recent Hitler mystery.

Casualties, defeats and bombings have produced a crisis such as Hitler's Germany has never faced before. And it will grow worse.

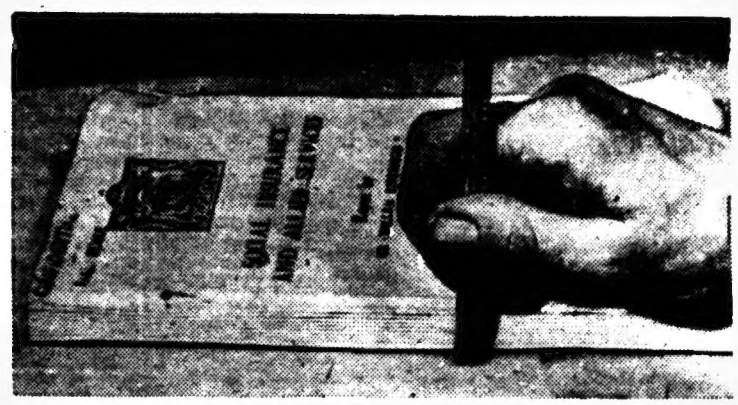
It is against such a possibility that Hitler is kept in reserve. He remains in the background until all other means to keep the Germans at it have failed.

I have no doubt that Hitler will be resurrected in time to induce them to overcome the greatest test that awaits them.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

★ None of the Beveridge proposals has been more fiercely assailed than that affecting the business of the insurance companies. But has the public been convinced by their special pleading?

Lives in Pawn to Big Business



For millions of us the Government's policy on the Beveridge Plan will be measured by the provision it makes for retirement pensions

WAITING FOR BEVERIDGE

★

By MAURICE FAGENCE

IN the small streets of Britain it is generally thought that Beveridge has been beaten by the big insurance companies.

For hasn't the Government decided that it won't convert industrial assurance into a public service—at least at present?

And isn't Big Business so satisfied that "at present" really means "permanently" that insurance shares rose by a total of £5,000,000 immediately the Government's announcement was made?

No Illusions

But the insurance offices have no illusions. They know full well they are not out of the fight.

They know that most non-commercial insurance is based on fear.

And that goes for endowment and other such policies as well as those providing for funeral or death benefits on a so-much-a-week basis.

Fear of a wife left a penniless widow. Fear of children left to starve. Fear of an old age in penury.

In brief, fear of want.

Which is just what this man Beveridge is setting himself out to abolish, whether or not he succeeds in getting the State to take over penny-a-week insurances.

This fear is one of the most damnable features of these waiting-for-Beveridge days.

It is making millions of people in this country pay out to insurance companies sums they cannot possibly afford.

It makes them embark on those millions of industrial policies of which, as Beveridge has shown, some two out of three are doomed to lapse—often with a complete loss of every penny paid.

And it brings tragedy in regard to policies which Beveridge never even mentions directly.

I refer to endowment policies.

Now an endowment policy is one which, usually in return for a quarterly, half-yearly or annual payment, insures you against death for a period of years, and then, should you still be alive, endows you with a lump sum of money.

Your payments then cease—and you are no longer insured against death.

Now it can be proved actuarially that most endowment insurances are quite sound and fair investments.

Paid in Full

As long as a man undertakes payments that he can well afford and maintains those payments regularly, he is not likely to grumble at results.

But let me tell you the true story of Mr. A.

He embarked on an endowment policy when he was in his 'teens, when he could not afford big premiums.

It guaranteed him £100 after twelve years—or, if he should die in the meantime, the money would be paid to his next-of-kin.

The twelve years passed—and he was still alive.

And one morning his insurance agent called with the £100.

Now it is one of the bitterest regrets of his life that that company honoured its obligations—that it didn't cheat him of the £100.

I'll tell you why.

Accompanying the agent with that £100 was a high-powered salesman known to agents as a "rouser."

Rousing Him?

That "rouser" was determined to sell him a £1,000 policy, and, after four hours' solid work, accomplished his purpose.

At first the potential victim "thought he might manage £250." Then that "he might go up to £300 at the most." Next he was arguing that "he would try £500, but it would be a tremendous effort."

But all the time the "rouser" pointed out: "What have you got to worry about? You've got £100 here. That would get you over any temporary difficulties."

And, at the end, when that £100 must have looked like £10,000, the man gave way.

It was a tremendous struggle to maintain the payments of more than £1 a week.

He soon found himself owing £50 of payments. So the company lent him £50—at interest.

No money passed. It was just noted on the policy that he had borrowed £50 at interest, and the £50 worth of payments to the company were supposed to have been made.

Hopeless Struggle

He maintained his payments for a year or so, and was then driven to "borrow" another £50 in this way.

And, finally, when he felt himself completely beaten, he agreed to merge his £1,000 policy into a £500 one, on which he would be more likely to maintain regular payments.

It didn't call for the payment to him of a single penny-piece.

He just set about the task of keeping up a smaller policy—and hoped for the best.

For nearly three more years he struggled—and then had to confess final defeat.

And what had he got for his years of struggle—of going without?

His policy had lapsed. He was no longer insured, and there wasn't a penny-piece due to him.

An agent told me that 95 per cent. of the tragedies of endowment policies lapsed without a penny to come on them would never have arisen but for the system of tempting people into payments they can't hope to afford.

Most agents detest this aspect of their work. Many refuse to do it, where they dare.

Tragedies

Then, all too often, district managers or high-powered salesmen from head office do the job, and tell the unfortunate agent that he doesn't know how to do business.

I spoke to twenty men who either have endowment policies—or have had them.

Eight complained that they had been cajoled into paying far more than they could afford.

Three—the victims of lapsings because they had "bitten off more than they could chew"—said they bitterly regretted that they had ever heard of insurance.

One of those three went so far as to say that taking out an endowment policy had been the worst tragedy of his life.

In other words, a vast section of the public has been frightened into pawning the present for a very doubtful future.

So fight for Beveridge and freedom from want—and for a world in which people will take out their insurances calmly and sensibly to augment their security, and not because they are driven by the spectres of hunger and distress.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

FORGERIES ON THE GRAND SCALE!

"HOME" printing machines were selling at the rate of thousands a year when the war broke out.

The best of them turned out handbills and letter-heads in really workmanlike fashion.

But as you couldn't hope to print even a clumsy imitation of a Treasury note or postal order with them, the authorities saw little danger in the home printing boom that developed.

GRAVE CONCERN

War, however, has made the little home printing machine something of a mixed blessing.

Certainly some of the underground newspapers most feared by the Nazis in the occupied countries are printed on such machines—painfully slowly and laboriously, but SILENTLY.

But some of these baby presses, designed primarily to provide schoolboys with an instructive hobby, are giving grave concern to our own authorities as well.

Seditious and pro-Nazi literature which has made its appearance from time to time has been examined by printing experts

They have had no hesitation in saying that the bulk of it has been turned out by such machines as I describe.

Then the same experts have made microscopic examination of a remarkable pamphlet which has been sold in big quantities at a cost of a guinea, and the printer of which cannot be traced.

It describes every known trick that can be employed for dodging military service.

TRICKS FOR DISCHARGE

It has even been touted round in the vicinity of big camps—apparently to teach men who have already been enlisted tricks they can try to get their discharge.

The hints on how to simulate serious illnesses are, in the opinion of doctors who have examined the pamphlet, obviously the work of somebody with not a little medical knowledge.

And the whole production—a highly dangerous one to be circulating in a country at war—has obviously been turned out on a home printer.

But it is the people who are forging official documents on these minjature plants who are making the most serious threat to our war effort.

At the moment Scotland Yard is co-operating with the military authorities to trace the origin of Army discharge forms which are being sold in big numbers all over the country.

Some of these forms, certainly, have been stolen from Government offices.

But most of those that have been traced have been undoubtedly printed on these machines.

The cost of printing a thousand such forms would be infinitesimal, even at high war time printing costs.

Yet deserters are paying from £7 to £50 for a single copy.

No underground printer, so far, has been ambitious enough to print a complete ration book.

The new ration books, in any case, are printed on a type of paper never made before the war—which has made forgery pretty well impossible.

Police inspections of identity cards do not prevent many people from changing their names—and getting extra rations

Then, although identity cards have been forged, it has been on an extremely limited scale.

But both ration books and identity cards have been obtained by men who have bought Army discharge forms and duly filled them in, so there has been no point in forging those documents.

However, registration papers—the documents which say that a man or woman has been duly registered for service in one or other of the Forces—are a simpler matter.

LOW FEES

It is known that they have been turned out in large numbers, which is confirmed by the fact that they have changed hands in the West End of London for as low as 10s. each.

The purchasers imagine that with such a document in their possession there's no need for them to keep away from dance halls, race tracks, and other places on which the police are apt to pounce in search of deserters and other artful dodgers.

And although that hasn't always proved to be the case, it hasn't stopped the sale of these certificates, which has brought big money to some home printer who is, as yet, untraced.

Nevertheless, there's no doubt in the minds of the authorities that large numbers of people have been enabled to change their identities completely with the aid of "official" forms printed on these machines.

There are suspicions that people who are supposed to have been lost in air raids have reappeared in other parts of the country with the aid of forged papers and with genuine documents got with the help of forged papers.

But it is beyond suspicion that deserters who have entirely eluded the police for years, and people who have disappeared from their usual haunts on becoming eligible for military or other service, have only been able to do so by completely changing their identities.

And that has become pretty well impossible without some help from the forger.

As it is made more and more difficult to steal vital forms from Government offices, so the baby presses of these underground printers become busier.

It would be exaggeration to say that their total output is anything but small.

STAB IN THE BACK

But when it is possible that one tiny buff form might confer complete immunity from National Service on anyone purchasing it, every thousand forms put into circulation represent a stab in the back for the national war effort.

There is a growing feeling among police and other authorities that every machine capable of printing a passable imitation of an official document should be registered as a revolver is registered—even if it were designed as a toy.

Indeed, a miniature printing press, working underground, can be as big a potential danger to a cause as a thousand machine-guns, as Herr Himmler can confirm!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. George Maxwell, Aberlour Street, Rostyn, Fife, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information is welcomed about any possible scandal or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

WHAT IS BEVERIDGE DOING?

● No. Sir William is not beaten.

After returning from a long tour of the United States, he will address a number of big meetings—the first is at the Central Hall, Westminster, on July 20, with the Primate in the chair—both in London and the provinces.

At these he will ram home his three arguments about how to establish "The Conditions of Security"—peace, a job when you can work, and an income when you can't.

Sir William, indeed, is the first man who, although not a politician, has ever prepared a political plan at a Government's request and then had the vision and courage to use the platform for the advocacy of his views. That is why they will not beat him.

COULD FILMS BE USED MORE?

● America's high-speed methods of shipbuilding are at last to be explained to our workers by means of films brought from the States. There they have been exhibited to many hundreds of thousands.

Why is it, you may ask, that our own admirable documentary film units have not been used for the spreading, in the factories, of knowledge about speedy means of war production? The answer is Britain's backward methods of propaganda in almost any direction.

CAN'T WE TELL THE WORKERS MORE?

● At long last, too, an Army Exhibition is open in London to show the public what it is for which they are asked to toil and save.

A means of extending this idea from the Oxford Street site to all parts of the country should be found. The easiest way is the film.

We are made to realise, at the Exhibition, by means of actual weapons and outfit—23,500 various items of equipment are on view—that the Quartermaster-General supplies 3,500,000 different items to the Army, and that in one year he must supply 8,500,000 blankets, 20,000,000 pairs of shoes, 4,000,000 shirts, and 3,500,000 steel helmets!

A Churchill tank costs £9,064. A rifle costs £6 9s.

WHO GETS THE RAIL RIGHTS?

● Railwaymen complain that "outside considerations" govern the refusal to recognise the men's wage claims.

Actually, the Government now guarantees the railway companies £43,469,000 a year—this places them in a better financial position than they were before—and takes the profit, which was about £45,000,000 last year.

This means that the taxpayers take all the money which, in the war boom, would have been used by the railwaymen, no doubt successfully, as an argument for increased pay.

The "outside considerations" are obviously the alleged meannesses of the "hard-fisted" Treasury.

LITTLE SWINDLERS MAKE BIG MONEY

ALL kinds of small "fraudsmen," which is the description applied in police circles to cheap, door-to-door crooks, are at work to-day.

Though the individual sums they obtain are small—for their dupes are always poor people—their gains in the long run are substantial.

Here are some of the tricks now being exploited.

Men call and tell housewives they are from the Board of Agriculture, and that their job is to exterminate rats and mice on payment of a fee. They suggest that the fee is due under local by-laws, and that it must be paid on the spot.

Authorised agricultural officials do not work in this way, and impostors can be easily caught out if people will ask for their credentials.

Then there are the "tap washer" cheats. A typical case is that of a Midlands woman whose husband is at the war. When a man, who described himself as a local "official," called to inspect her taps he found one leaking.

By scaring the woman into believing she was committing a serious offence, he induced her to pay 5s. for fitting a new washer.

The same trick has been done with gate latches.

Some touts call and tell housewives they can see from the way the lawn has been cut that the mower is not working properly, and that unless it is overhauled the grass will be ruined.

Sums of from 7s. 6d. to 12s. have been charged for unnecessary "overhauling."

Rooking wives in this way is a pretty mean business, particularly when the domestic odd-job man, mostly the husband, is serving his country miles away from home.

Sagas of the Suburbs. 8: ILFORD — By WILL SCOTT

When he told a tired City man that those very advertisements were there in his day, advertising that very store, the tired City man thought him a little mad

The Man Who Came Back

IT rained in Ilford. And little Bernard, seven years old, went from sunblind to sunblind (which is the odd name they give to the things that keep the rain off shop windows), looking for adventure.

Adventure was in about one shop window in fifty. It had to be a bookshop. And it had to be that kind of book. The kind of book with a one-legged, patch-eyed man in silk stockings on the cover.

Sometimes you were lucky; sometimes you were not. Mostly you weren't in a grey world represented by a wet day in Ilford.

The world, as little Bernard even at seven years old knew very well, hadn't always been grey. Long ago, in more roaring times, Bronzed Strangers came into your life to tell you of far-away places, coral reefs, waving palms, to work you Right Up, so that you Went.

But now, when everything was just trolley-buses and bowler hats, how *did* you work up enough courage to Run Away?

★

The Bronzed Stranger took ten minutes to get from the platform to the open spaces in front of Ilford Station. His progress was about as slow as it could be. He kept stopping.

When he told a tired City man that *those very* advertisements were there in his day, advertising *that very* store, the tired City man thought him a little mad and walked on.

The Bronzed Stranger didn't mind in the least.

He stopped in the open space and looked again. The old station was just the same as it had been in the days when he was a boy in Ilford. Just the same, but somehow different. . . .

And that puzzled him. Because there was no difference when you looked at it.

Even the way the high road hump-backed over the railway before it set out on the long trek to Romford. He'd forgotten that, the hump-backed bit. But it was just the same, after all these years. Or wasn't it? . . .

He came to Balfour Road and missed something and wondered for a moment or two what it could be. And then he realised it was the old glamour.

What a thrill there had been once upon a time in simply walking along Balfour Road. Why, even complete strangers to Ilford had been known to stop and stare down it and ask questions.

Many was the penny he had earned by taking such people along and pointing out *the very* house in which Jabez Balfour had lived. Now, when he tried to find it, he could not remember which one of the scores of houses it was.

And in the early afternoon he sat on a bench in Valentine's Park and told himself it was a washout.

Ilford had been everything in his boyhood days. The things you could imagine! The places he was going to when he grew up! The sights he was going to see!

And now, in middle age, he knew there was nothing to it. He knew that a palm tree was not a scrap better than an oak tree, once you were used to it.

He knew that, once the novelty had worn off, there was no more charm (and maybe less) in the chattering of a black-faced native than in the give-and-take of a coster's talk in the Romford Road.

Yes, he had been a fool to go and he had been a fool to come back. Nothing could ever be the same again.

Ilford had got along without him all these years. Now it was used to getting along without him. It was, indeed, doing very nicely without him. It made him feel in the way. . . .

Little Bernard found a peach of a bookshop, not very far from the station. There was everything there you could wish for. Galleons and pirates and palm trees on book covers. Natives and reefs and minarets. Atlases, too, with wonderful maps in all colours.

His nose was as flat as a penny against the shop window.

Then a voice said: "Cut it out, sonny. There's nothing to it."

Little Bernard looked round and there beside him was a Bronzed Stranger! A real one, tall and broad and smiling and friendly-looking. You knew at once that he'd been turned that colour by the tropic suns.

"It's all mosquitoes and yellow fever," said the Bronzed Stranger. "And it's *such* a long way from home. . . ."

Little Bernard looked at his shoes. It made you shy when a big Bronzed Stranger said the things that weren't in the books. It was like opening a blackberry-pie and finding potatoes inside.

"I've been *all over* the world," said the Bronzed Stranger. "I *know*. You can take it from me, sonny. There's only one thing to do. *Stay where you were born*. The other way doesn't work out."

Suddenly he gave little Bernard half-a-crown, and little Bernard was so astonished that he ran off without saying "Thank you."

Through the driving rain the Bronzed Stranger made his way back to the station.

"No," he said to himself; "I ought never to have gone, and I ought never to have come back. Now there's nowhere to go."

And so he left Ilford for the second time.

★

At ten minutes to eleven the next morning little Bernard's pa sat on a stool in Romford police-station looking down at little Bernard.

"So this is where you've got to?" said little Bernard's pa.

"Yes, pa," said little Bernard.

"What made you run away?" asked little Bernard's pa.

"But I wasn't running away, pa," said little Bernard.

"Well, what d'you call it? Here you *are*!" said little Bernard's pa.

"It was a Bronzed Stranger," said little Bernard.

"He Came Into My Life in the rain yesterday afternoon. He put me wise, you see. He said I had to stay where I was born if I wanted things to turn out. So that's why I came out to Romford. I wasn't running away, you see, pa. I was running back."

"The things kids get up to," said the kind policemen.

"Well, sink me!" said little Bernard's pa. "I don't know what his ma's going to say."

HUMAN MACHINE

WE ARE MASTER OF THEM ALL

What happens is never of very great importance. The importance of events comes from how each man and woman meets them.

If we meet events like men, we are master of them.

It is this that makes life so full of "Ifs." If we had not done this—if we had only done that—and so on! How different things would have been had we only known!

And from all this there follows a very important deduction indeed, no less than that *freedom is the right of every individual to hammer out his character on the anvil of events.*

Maybe that doesn't square with what you have always imagined freedom to be? Well, think it over. It can stand a lot of being thought over. And it's a definition of freedom you'll find very hard to dispute.

It's a good definition because it puts the responsibility where it always belongs—on us, on each individual.

We are altogether too fond of trying to park away our responsibilities onto someone else. We're very fond of trying to put the blame on events. But it won't do.

An event has no real life, certainly no real meaning, until some individual has reacted to it.

Think that over, too. It gives a new meaning to the statement that "man is master of his Fate."

Is Your Face Just a Blot?

YOU know, if most of us would be content to crawl across our own particular page of what some people call the Book of Life and drop off the other side when our time was up, it might not be so bad.

None of us can help being here, and we've all got to go. The trouble is, we will insist, most of us, on leaving our marks.

I don't suppose that many people, in the centuries to come, will want to know that we crawled across the page. But we do insist, most of us, on leaving blots to remind them.

★ ★ ★

We're great lads for little reminders.

I doubt if one face in a thousand is worth looking at. But about nine hundred faces in every thousand get themselves photographed and left behind on somebody's piano.

That is, poor faces. If a face happens to be a rich face it gets itself painted and left behind in somebody's art gallery.

And it isn't just faces. It can be curious internal works like hearts.

If one of us falls for another of us we get together in a wood and hack out the details on the trunk of a tree. "A. B. and C. D. April Fool's Day, 1721." With an arrow through the middle.

If we get on well enough to be able to build a row of houses we are not content to leave it at that. We have to leave our mark even there. "Smith Cottages, 1899." "Jones Mansions, 1923."

So that for generations people will ask: "Who *was* this Jones?"

We sign visitors' books by the million.

In fact, we leave blots on the page wherever we go. We are so anxious not to be forgotten when we've gone for good.

We are never satisfied merely to be ourselves and get on with the job of wearing out. We have to leave proof behind to show people we shall never see that we really had the job.

Of course we have to disguise our nasty motives. If we give a nice silver cup to the local fishing club we always pretend that we do it out of sheer kind-heartedness or good sportsmanship. But we take darned good care to call it the Robinson Challenge Cup, so that fishermen in 1997 will have to use our name every time they try for a tiddler.

We pretend that the people who own the pianos we litter with our faces really like to have these *little gifts*. And they go as far as pretending they do, because they hope by next week to be littering our piano with their faces.

★ ★ ★

When the human race has become really sensible it will probably be a criminal offence to leave one's blot on the page. Five years for giving your photograph away and ten years for planting your name in a visitors' book.

Probably fifteen years for messing up a Blarney Stone or leaving your love affairs on the trunk of a tree.

But only a death sentence would be good enough for the artist who got into my garden last week and carved his initials on my vegetable marrow.

A. G.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "VOICE," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HERE is a picture of the Eighth Army moving up to battle in North Africa. Pte. R. Catton writes to his brother at Chapel Terrace, Allerton, Bradford:

We met our main line of advance just before we camped for the night. It was a sight that made one's blood tingle.

It was late afternoon and towards the setting sun there appeared on the horizon thousands of dots stretching as far as the eye could see.

As we got nearer we could make out the dots were our trucks and tanks—thousands of them and still more coming up behind. What a sight for sore eyes! It was our great fighting machine moving up to action.

Next day we were approaching an aerodrome and we were told that we had to capture it at all costs, but when we got there it seemed that Jerry had left in a hurry, so we just rolled in and occupied it.

We stayed one day and as we pulled out next morning we saw dozens of our 'planes coming down on the aerodrome.

The R.A.F. was also losing no time in moving up. Incidentally, the enemy had left thirty-five 'planes of assorted kinds behind him in good condition and apparently ready to take off, but they lacked petrol, it seems.

WE'RE THRIVING

Cheerfulness is the keynote of letters from the men in the Middle East. Sgt. F. Bowles writes to his mother at Cobden Street, Loughborough:

Bill and I are thriving in the Desert. It will take Jerry a long time to get over the thrashing we gave him. Incidentally, when he went away in a hurry he left behind enough stores and equipment to fit out another army.

. . . This is the first big stride towards the end that we all want.

We are resting now and get an occasional swim in "Musso's Lake," only it doesn't belong to him any more.

NATURALISTS

Various forms of wild life interest the men out in Ceylon. A.C./A. R. Locke, R.A.F., writes to his parents at Fernhurst Road, Southsea:

Our animal life visitors are getting more numerous and varied. At the moment we have as guests, rats, squirrels, frogs, crickets, praying what-nots, monkeys, mosquitoes and other things that fly in the night.

They all call in at our billet as if they owned the place; but we have fun with 'em, especially the giant rat which trapped himself in a bucket of water; and the frog which "wolfed" lighted cigarette-ends with gusto.

Lizards we keep as welcome boarders, because they catch and eat flies, of which there is a great surplus over our requirements.

Lorries by the thousand moved up to the battlefield — and passed long lines of prisoners on the way

RIGHT—AND WRONG

Serving in Egypt, Pte. K. Jones goes to a fortune-teller, but he is not impressed with a peace forecast. He writes to his mother at Forest Road, Leytonstone, London:

I went to a fortune-teller yesterday, and it was a bit uncanny. Without asking me one question, he told me the day, month and year of my birth, and how long I had been in the Army. If that was guessing, it was pretty good.

He told me confidentially that I had many friends among the fair sex, and that I would marry in 1949! So that gives me a few more years of freedom.

When I asked him when the war was going to end, he said three days before Whitsun, so he seems to have slipped up badly; perhaps he made a mistake in the year!

However, I thought that the seance was worth the money. Perhaps he was a bit out on the marriage date, too!

WRITE, PLEASE

Nothing bucks up the men serving overseas more than a letter from home. "Write often" should be the motto of people with friends and relatives who are doing the job of fighting for us. L./Cpl. W. Squires, R.A.S.C., writes to his wife at Leicester Avenue, Horwich, near Bolton:

If only people at home realised how anxiously our men wait for letters telling them the home news they would write more often.

I have been handling the "post," and when men come up to me day after day for letters, and I have to say "Nothing for you to-day," they go away looking really sorry for themselves, muttering "Why don't they write?"

When after many weeks a man does get a letter he is full of excitement, reads it again and again, and settles down to the job in hand with a good heart.

Don't let the men out here worry about how things are going at home—write often and keep them cheery.

KNOCK-OUT

Being promoted is something to write home about, and here is Cpl. N. Skelton, serving with the Tenth Army Signals, telling his parents at Beechwood Road, West Hartlepool, all about it:

Nothing can stop us now! The "V" for victory is now blazoned on my arm—twice! Meaning that your young hopeful is at long last a full corporal. No wonder Hitler and Mussolini are depressed.

. . . One of the chief amusements of the boys at the moment is a battle royal between a scorpion and a scorpion spider. The arena is an empty tin can. The scorpion, although armed with a pair of claws and a nice sting in his tail, is no match for the lightning footwork of the giant spider, who wins with a knock-out.

By the way, when I'm made a Brigadier I'll tell you the news by wireless.

SURPRISE MEETING

And here is a story of a strange meeting. This time two brothers who had been captured by the Italians in an early campaign met in a prisoner-of-war camp. Sig. Fred Miller writes from an Italian camp to his friends at Milnercroft, Retford, Notts:

Hold your breath! I have just moved to a new camp and almost the first person I set eyes on was Frank. You can imagine my surprise, as I had not seen him for years, and then to spot him here behind the barbed wire.

Of course we soon got together and told the story of the old iron pot and other things. We are both making the best of life in these circumstances, but we shall not be sorry to be home again. Things seem to be happening, so it may not be long now.

TOOK HIS MUSIC

Serving in North Africa, Spr. W. T. Ray has a complaint against someone who "pinched" his guitar. He writes to a friend at Crescent Rise, Wood Green, London, N.22:

During our training in England me and my guitar helped the boys to pass many a pleasant hour when off duty. We had our fun and our sing-songs.

When we left England my guitar was carefully and (as we all thought) safely packed in our transport, to be used over here to play ourselves in, as it were, and Jerry out. But, sad to say, my guitar never reached Africa, as our transport was ransacked at the docks in England, and the rogue who did the job picked the one thing which helped us to enjoy off-duty hours. Sing-songs without the guitar are not so good.

If the bloke who stole it at —— Docks reads this I hope his conscience bites him hard, the scallywag!

BRIDGE OF BOATS

SALVAGE saves the country about 4,400 ships a year.

Placed end to end, they would reach from Scotland to Norway—and our troops might simply march across in order to create a "Second Front."

Scrap iron and steel alone makes a difference of 77 ships every week!

But because salvage collection is going with a swing there is no reason for taking a rest.

More and more ships will be required to create the moving "bridge" of vessels for our armies of invasion and for keeping the home front supplied with war materials and foodstuffs.

So do your utmost to increase household salvage!

★ Who are the men who pilot the King, statesmen, and generals? They're only names even to the rest of the R.A.F., but here they are presented to you

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

MOST envied, most hush-hush aces of the air to-day are the "special list" flyers who pilot the vital Government passenger planes of global war—the secret kingpins of Transport Command.

The R.A.F. calls them the caravan boys. But even to the main body of the R.A.F. they remain mystery men seasoned in discretion as well as in valour.

Take, for instance, the amazing reticence that surrounded Wing Commander C. E. Slee when he piloted the King outward bound on his 5,000-mile tour of the African battlefields.

He was content for all the glory to go to Group Captain "Mouse" Fielden, ex-aerobat and King's Cup racer, who was chosen years ago from eighty crack air aces as Master of the King's Flight.

Knows his Stuff

In actual fact, Fielden merely travelled formally as captain and left the intricate controls of the mighty four-engined plane to Slee and his co-pilot.

"Silent Slee" knows his stuff.

Even two years ago, when the King presented him with the Air Force Cross, not a word was breathed of his activities.

Yet he was flying Blenheims three years before the Nazis felt their bite, Mosquitoes and Spitfires before anyone had thought of the words.

In nine years, as one of the R.A.F.'s best boys in the back room, he has flown every type and prototype of aircraft. Many hard-punching modifications in design have been the outcome of his technical assessment.

That's the way it is with the caravan flyers. They're super-good at their job and super-silent. And they have to be.

When notoriously uncommunicative Captain Bill Van der Kloot was seen in Washington at the time of Churchill's visit, America's best reporters vainly tried to make him talk.

They scented something in the wind.

Perhaps it's just a coincidence that Churchill had no sooner out-dodged the Nazis across the Bay of Biscay than Vandy gained a C.B.E. for "services on flights" with the Premier.

I have heard Vandy called "close as a clam and as air-crazy as an eagle."

When he started flying ten years ago, he was still a student at Alabama University.

Since then, as one of the highest paid

PRAYERS CARRY OUR THOUGHTS

SOMETIMES our thoughts seem too sacred to even speak or write, and yet how our hearts are longing to talk with our loved ones to-night. To whisper a word of courage, to comfort them and be near, to let them know that we're thinking of them and to give them one word of cheer.

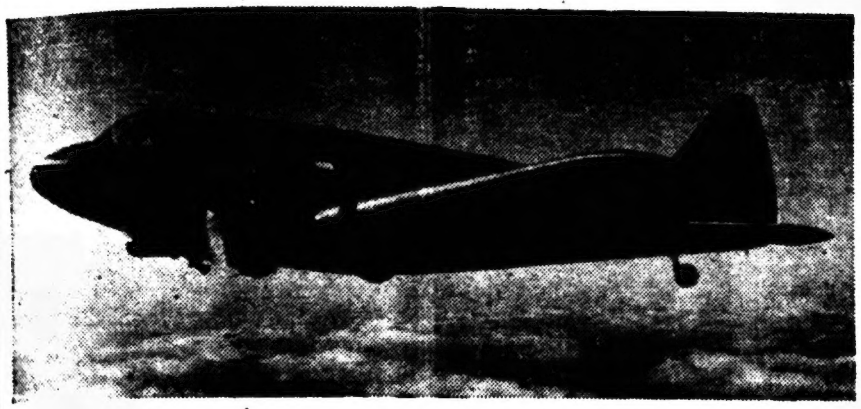
TO tell them not to worry, that we know they are doing their best. To beg them to ask God for His Help when they're put to the greatest test. To ask them to keep on smiling and believing things will come right. To tell them wherever they are that God will keep them within His Sight.

TO tell them that each hour that passes is another hardship sped, and that nothing is ever quite so bad as the things we imagine and dread. To tell them how much we love them and that by love are life's miracles wrought. To ask them to pray because we know that prayer can carry each thought.

SOMETIMES our thoughts are too sacred for anyone else to hear, but Prayer is the sacred intercourse between God and our lives spent here.

J. M.

Royal Pilots are Mystery Aces



An actual photograph of a 'plane in flight carrying the King as passenger. A flight that means a heavy responsibility for the pilot!

passenger aces, he has flown Wavell, Smuts, the Halifaxes, and Anthony Eden, as well as the P.M.

Quick Thinking

He even owes a marriage to the transatlantic hop. He met a girl in a show at the Montreal ferry termini and staged a spot proposal.

"Give me time to think!" said the girl.

Vandy hopped back to Britain and then did U.K. to Montreal in record time—14 h. 20 min.

The lady said "Yes!"

There's Wing Commander "Wendy" Reid, who flew Von Thoma to England after his capture, and went with Churchill to Moscow last year. He's been C.O. of a night fighter squadron. He's had a spell with Kittyhawks and Hurricanes out over France.

By way of vacation, he took up ambulance emergency work in Malta, transporting wounded naval personnel under the nose of the Nazi planes as they blitzed the island.

Once he was just taking off when bombs hit his aerodrome. And he kept right on going, his plane riddled with flak holes.

Veteran of Many Raids

Then there's Squadron-Leader J. F. Sach, D.F.C., a Londoner living within a stone's throw of Willesden Green and a veteran of fifty bombing raids, who has since flown generals and admirals and Cabinet Ministers, sometimes across enemy occupied territory.

Remember that crisis in Turkey when the Premier's *Commando* became bogged on Adana airfield? It was Sach who flew on with the P.M. to inspect the Eighth Army.

"What would happen if we were to drop Mr. England in the drink?" Captain Jack Ruggles once asked of him.

Ruggles was at the controls during the Premier's Teheran trip over the jagged, smooth-sided peaks of the Persian Mountains.

"Don't you think they're rather close?" the P.M. asked.

"1,000 feet, sir!"

"They'd look better from a higher altitude!" chuckled Churchill.

Yes, you have to be good to fly with the caravans. Best qualifications are top flying technique, modesty and a tongue that won't work, plus the knack of knowing five continents as if they were your own back garden.

Captain J. C. Kelly Rogers, first man to fly Churchill across the ocean, was also the first man to fly air-mail from Britain to Canada, the first pilot to land his plane in New York harbour after dark, first man to fly an Empire flying boat down the Nile to Kisimu, pioneer in the flying routes to Australia and South Africa.

When a Corsair flying boat made a forced landing in a 150-ft. width of Congo river, the underwriters faced a £50,000 loss.

"We'll get the world's best pilot to help us out!" they declared—and they called up Kelly Rogers!

He set gangs of natives hacking two miles of road through the jungle, quarrying rocks, dynamiting boulders from the river bed. In the end, with rock walls and tropical forest towering on either side, eight feet from the wingtips, with no room to turn or slow down, "Jolly Rogers" flew the Corsair out.

Again, an air vice-marshal was flying home from Cairo, stopped to refuel at Malta and was kept grounded by a heavy swell outside in the bay. It was doubtful if any man could get the seaplane out of harbour.

Except Kelly Rogers. He took a chance on the tide, headed the machine dead for shore—and was airborne only 200 feet from the quays.

Any wonder that, when a cop tried to give him a ticket for speeding in New York, the cop backed out?

"Guess I can't beat Hitler by giving you a ticket, buddy!" he said.

To-morrow's passengers may be Montgomery, Alexander, De Gaulle or Giraud—or even the King again. The caravan flyers are ready.

If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

HE WANTS TO BE DOMINATED

RECENTLY an unusual letter came to me from a man who believes that some women enjoy being "treated rough," and that some men enjoy being bullied and henpecked. He thinks they get a real thrill out of it.

I have been married for over forty years, he writes, and have lived a fairly humdrum life. My wife is a firm believer in sharing domestic responsibilities on the fifty-fifty basis. She is a normal woman satisfied with normal conditions.

I have fallen in with her ways to avoid strife and disagreement, but deep down within myself I am by no means satisfied.

In my previous incarnation, I must have been a slave to some imperious mistress, for I often have the desire to be so dominated.

The repression of this craving has to a great extent spoiled my life. I try to make the best of things, but I am confident that if I had married a woman who was strong and determined enough to shape my life, I might have been a big success.

In its way this letter is unique. I have had letters from women who confess that they like being "mastered" by the cave-man type of husband, but I don't recall having heard from a man who has a secret craving to be dominated by a strong-willed and resolute wife.

I am not going to be drawn into an argument about reincarnation as the explanation. Anyone who finds this theory unconvincing, might be able to accept the psychological idea of "masochism." Apparently certain people get a real kick out of being hurt, just as others do from inflicting cruelty.

There is one sentence in the man's letter which hardly tallies with the rest. If he wants to be dominated by his wife, why does he fall in with her ways to avoid strife? Surely he dodged the chance of being bullied!

A YOUNG soldier's problem is created because he is trying to be nice to three people at once, and it appears that it can't be done. The three are his wife, his mother, and his mother-in-law.

I am married to the sweetest girl in the world, he says, and there is nothing I wouldn't do to make her happy. When I was called up the parting was hard, but we smiled and thanked God because we are able to see each other fairly regularly on my leaves.

My mother has always been devoted to me and I like to see her often, but my wife disapproves of my going to see her so much.

My mother is a widow and I want to please her. I also want to please my wife's mother, but my wife and I often have cross words about it.

I am living in the mother-in-law's home. Before I was married I put my heart and soul into furnishing and decorating this home.

Don't be too sorry for the henpecked husband. He may enjoy being dominated and be miserable if he isn't!

But I don't feel that the home is mine, and my name is not in the rent book.

I should hate having to move away. I like to be near to my mother, and it would be a heartbreak for the wife's mother to be left alone in the house; for she is a widow, too.

Reading between the lines, I imagine that his wife wants a home of her own, and I think he should try to provide one for her. The wife comes first, the mother second, the mother-in-law third.

So long as he tries to please all three equally, the tension will continue. I think it is no bad thing for a young couple to get right away from parents while they are in the process of settling down together. I advise him to be friendly—but independent.

And now I want to mention another matter. Several people still keep sending me chain letters which go immediately into the salvage bin. I decline to waste stamps, paper, and time on such silliness.

One reader who wrote about the subject said that as she did not really believe that chain letters brought good luck she did not copy them. But about a week later she lost her handbag, and she has a worried feeling that this was the sequel.

If only people would sit down and quietly think out all the implications of this superstitious business! It cannot be accepted by anybody who believes in Divine Providence. Nor can it be accepted by a freethinker who knows the rudiments of scientific law.

Years ago an acquaintance of mine suddenly crossed the street to give a copper to an old beggar. He told me that it brought him luck in his bets! The point to notice is that he had made his bets before he gave to the beggar. Did he think that his action would spur on his particular horse to come in first? Or would it make all the other animals go lame at the post?

Speed Up the Seamen's Mail!

DEAD-HEATING for first place this week: Mail and Steel Lifeboats.

Mail's a mystery serial story. G.P.O. and M.o.W.T. frankly admit they're up against a tough problem.

Granted, it's tough, but there's no possible excuse for seamen's mail arriving weeks overdue, nor for air mail from America taking up to fifty-three days to reach home!

Ten days ago ten men tested a new steel lifeboat, for tankers. During the test temperature of burning oil outside rose to 2,400 degrees Fahr, but inside the boat remained between 114-168 degrees. Much success is achieved by pumps which spray jets of water over the boat's canopy. Splendid!

Testing steel lifeboats is one thing; providing them seems to be *another*!

Last year there was designed, patented and tested a new-type 40 ft. all-steel enclosed lifeboat, built to hold the same number of men as three 26 ft. craft, yet taking up only half the deck space.

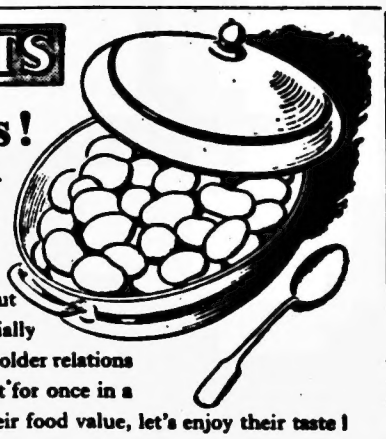
It should have been in mass production long since.

Points in brief: *One* Steel Helmet for every ten men aboard? Sick seamen whose illness is not directly due to war service, losing pay, sometimes wholly dependent on insurance, sometimes on the poor law. Something radically wrong here!

To Correspondents I. W., Cardiff: E. J., Littlehampton; L. R. C., and A. J., Essex; A. G., London; R. T., Derby; S. S., Stourbridge; Sylvia Marland, Birkenhead; I. C., Mortlake, and others, JOHN BULL'S acknowledgments. Where necessary, action has been taken, results will be made known without delay.

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

FOOD FACTS



NEW Potatoes!

Now you can have new potatoes again, at a pre-war price. The shops are full of them and what a treat they are! They're a luxury food you can eat without a qualm. New potatoes are specially rich in Vitamin C, and like their older relations they're grand energy food. But for once in a way, don't let's think about their food value, let's enjoy their taste!

COOK THIS WAY FOR THE FULL FLAVOUR

1 Wash and scrub or scrape the potatoes.

2 Put in saucepan of boiling, salted water with a sprig of mint, and simmer gently until tender — this usually takes from 20-30 minutes.

3 Drain and return to the pan with the lid half on to dry.

4 Turn the potatoes into a hot vegetable dish, put in a small knob of margarine, turn the potatoes over and sprinkle with chopped parsley or onion and serve hot.

5 Save the potato water. It's a useful foundation for soup.

6 Don't mash, bake or roast new potatoes, and if you want to fry them boil them first.

POTATO SALAD

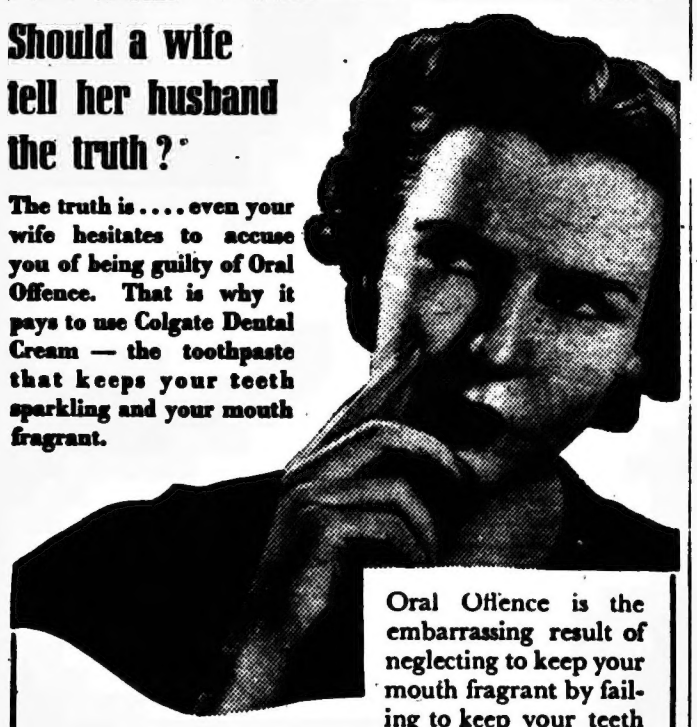
Ingredients : 1½ lb. cooked potatoes, ½ teacupful salad dressing. *Quantity :* 4 helpings. *Method :* Scrub and boil potatoes, skin and slice. While still hot mix with the dressing.

Economical Salad Dressing : 1 oz. margarine or cooking fat, 2 oz. flour, 1 teaspoonful dried mustard, ½ pint milk, ½ pint water, salt and pepper, vinegar to taste. *Method :* Melt the fat in a pan, stir in the flour and mustard, and cook together for a couple of minutes. Then add the liquid gradually, stirring well. Season with salt and pepper and add vinegar to taste. *Note :* Chopped mint, chives or onion added to dressing or sprinkled over the salad is an improvement.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 157

Should a wife tell her husband the truth?



The truth is.... even your wife hesitates to accuse you of being guilty of Oral Offence. That is why it pays to use Colgate Dental Cream — the toothpaste that keeps your teeth sparkling and your mouth fragrant.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

1/1 — *Including Tax*

LAST LAUGH

T. E. (Exeter). — "American soldiers in this country are learning to play the bagpipes." So far Goebbels has not broken the news of these terror tactics to the citizens of the Reich

G. H. (Highgate). — "The German Generals do not know what Hitler's military objectives are for 1943." Although each one has an uneasy feeling that he is one of them

S. B. (Rochester).—"At the end of the summer we will be told how hot it has been." Amateur gardeners can get a rough idea from the quantity of green tomato chutney they make.

G. M. (Barnet).—"If a cigarette burns the smoker's tongue, it is badly packed." Or else he has absentmindedly put the lighted end in his mouth.

T. R. (Rye).—"B.B.C. programmes are studied very carefully in Berlin." We understand that the official who translated "Itma" into German has been given compassionate leave

TENOR (Bury).—"I was the last on the programme and after my song the audience was slow to leave." Had he fainted?

WIFE (Gloucester).—"My husband, since he has been in the Army, has lost his indigestion. Change of air, I guess, has cured him." Or change of cook.

HOUSEWIFE (Ealing). — "Would there really be any objection in these days of rationing to sparrows and starlings being placed on the menu?" Yes, from sparrows and starlings!

G. N. (Putney). — "There is humour everywhere. When walking along the street I often have a good laugh." Especially if tickled by a Utility vest.

D. Y. (Stanhope). — "A new broadcasting comedian has many original ideas." The chief one being that he does *not* address the conductor of the orchestra by his Christian name.

Miss B. J. (Chiswick).—"I don't know what people can see in some of our wooden-headed comedians." Dry rot!

T. C. (Kilmarnock). — "When the enraged woman threw a jar of liquid starch over my face I kept my temper and said nothing." You kept a stiff upper lip.

G. G. (Lanark). — "On my last angling outing I caught a fine basket." You should thoroughly dry it, and give it to your wife for her shopping.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"So yer stationed on the coast now, are yer, Cyril. Hum . . . well . . . Thank God we've got a navy."

Side-Slips

DAILY EXPRESS : — "Therefore, young women in Scotland are to be kept north of the Border unless they volunteer to come to BRITAIN.

WEEKLY NEWS :—". . . enjoying the same home life and UNBRINGING that they are giving their other son . . ."

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS :— ". . . and one of the children had been lifting PRICES of bread . . ."

NORTHAMPTON CHRONICLE & ECHO :—"They are flying at cloud base. . . . One appeared to touch the WIG of the other."

NEWS CHRONICLE :—"INFERIOR fittings, such as baths, sinks, taps and plumbing might well, he suggested, be standardised."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH :—". . . but was run down by the POND."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Unemployment due to ill-health is the main factor which causes many ex-Servicemen to write to our Fund for help. Rent becomes overdue—and if there is no prospect of paying arrears, eviction follows. In many cases it takes only a few pounds to clear their debt.

It will be a consolation to our subscribers to know that, through their generous aid, the Fund has been able to assist many families in this plight.

Pressure on space allows us to publish the details of only one case a week, but throughout the year scores of other deserving applicants are given a grant from our General Fund.

At the present time it is more than ever essential to assist ex-Servicemen and their families who are in grave financial difficulties. So, this week, we make an appeal for donations to our General Fund.

Letters should be addressed : "G.F.," the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50 — 'BULLETS' 1,381

A. Martin, "Ferndene," 21, Glenmore Park Ave., Thundersley, Essex, for this "Bullet" :—

HAPPY DAYS "SNAP" RECALLS—"PEP" HASTENING.

£10 : Miss M. E. Williams, 12, Beechwood Ave., Romiley, Cheshire.
In A Quiet Place—Nazi Fortunes, Not Nazis!

£5 : L/Cpl. E. W. H. Godfrey, Somewhere-in-Britain.
According To The Sergeant—*I'm "Hitler's Secret Weapon"!*

£4 : Mrs. G. R. Anny, c/o 9, Council Houses, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
When I'm Counting—"Chickens," Fate Usually "Cackles."

£3 : S. C. Port, 317, St. Leonard's Rd., Windsor Berks.
Old King Coal—"Bedridden" In The Rule!

£2 : F. Chilton, Doncaster Road Post Office, Mexborough, Yorks.
Dangerous Man—In Camp; "Sapper" Boredom,

DOUBLED FIRST For "BULLETS" ON NEXT PAGE

6 PRIZES OF 20s. :
Mrs. L. E. Fountain, 7, Cavendish Rd., Markyate, St. Albans.
Tired Worker—Homebound? No—Home Guard!
Miss Jarratt, High Rd., Byfleet, Surrey.
With Tears in His Eyes—Undertaker Pockets His Overcharge!
Capt. T. Prentice, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Father's Pal—*Not* "Lit Up," Lamp-post!
Mrs. Topham, 39, Hawthorn Ter., New Earswick, York.
Theatre Of War—Where "Villain" *Dread-*" Cigar."
M. Warner, Upper Winchenden, nr. Aylesbury.
Flood Of Defeats—Fritz Using "Upper Storey."
E. Williams, 16, Talbot Rd., Old Trafford, Manchester.
Vital To Britain—"Life-line"—And My "String"

A list of 20 winners of 10s., and 200 of 5s. (of can be seen at three offices. 1,600 Merit Awards have also been posted.

CHEQUES FOR 27 WINNERS

XWORD 383

WINNING WORDS : 1. Kingly. 2. Swear. 3. Fed. 4. Host. 5. Trail. 6. Sting. 7. Storm. 8. Cay. 9. Starved. 10. Sofa. 11. Ratch. 12. Crowd. 13. Tar. 14. Face.

£100 SHARERS : List of the 27 sharers, each receiving cheque for £3 14s. 1d. this week, is too long for this column, but will be published in Crossword Gazette dated July 17.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared amongst 109 entrants.

SQUASH HIM IN YOUR STAMP BOOK

Ha-ha! Caught at last! Nice work! The treacherous Squander Bug firmly trapped in a Book of Savings Stamps. There's an end to frivolous spending . . . Every Savings Stamp you buy helps the boys who are fighting—and is another smack at the Squander Bug!

Savings Stamps 6d., 2/6 and 5/-, can be exchanged for National Savings Certificates, or Defence Bonds, or used for making deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

CATARRH!

Germs and bad air in crowded buses, trains, cinemas, workshops, bring on Colds, Catarrh and 'Flu. Safeguard yourself with NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy. It protects against infection. Use it daily. It must be NOSTROLINE.

All chemists 1/3, tax extra

'NOSTROLINE'

White shoes are scarce — keep yours white with

BLANCO
WHITE CLEANER

Warning Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

SCO
CLEANS COOKERS QUICKLY

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical.

NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

Bottles 7½d. *(whilst available)*

Large Tins 10½d.

From Ironmongers, Grocers & Woolworths

Sco Manufacturing Co., Charlbury, Oxford.

FALSE TEETH

and comfort with confidence

A denture which, owing to gum shrinkage, no longer fits perfectly, is painful and embarrassing. To restore comfort with confidence, Dentists recommend KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, prepared specifically *to make false teeth fit firmly*. Sprinkled evenly but sparingly on the contact surface of the plate, KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE will hold it in position for many hours. From all Chemists in 1/3d Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag; also in the large 'Economy' size, 3/3d.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

Rheumatism

HEADACHE, SCIATICA, INFLUENZA, NEURITIS

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "Shadaro" Compound—the new pain-killer (No. 283). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices, including tax, 7d., 1/5, 2/3 and 3/11 either by post or from your nearest chemist.

—FREE TRIAL OFFER (by Post only)—

For a limited period only we will send readers of this paper who have not tried this remedy, TWO 7d. packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 7d. to-day with this Coupon asking for "Shadaro" Compound Prescription No. 283 to:—

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD. (Dept. JB180), 68, Grove Road, Bow, London, E.3.

£500 EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

Now NOW in "John Bull's" record, big £500 Xword Tournament—by simply competing for this week's £100 First Prize and Runners-up Awards value £10. If by Xword 339 you have won a prize of any kind (Prize or Runner-up) in ANY TWO CONSECUTIVE CONTESTS, you automatically share EXTRA £500 CASH with any other Competitor who have similarly qualified in the course of Tournament.

ENTER on COUPON BELOW

£100 CASH for 23 WORDS

Xword No. 333 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5P Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5P	5P	5P
1 THIS OF CRICKETERS HAS OCCASIONALLY BEEN CRITICISED IN PRESS	BA TING			
2 WHEN CONQUERING HEROES MARCH HOME, THEY SHOULD BE WELCOMED BY	AND			
3 PEOPLE DON'T EXPECT TO BE SO WELL OFF AFTER LOSING THIS	WA			
4 SOME ARE PARTICULARLY LIABLE TO CAUSE ACCIDENTS AFTER DARK	AMPS			
5 ONE IN A TRAM CAR CREATE TROUBLE	F RE			
6 STUDENT OF ADVANCED VIEWS MAY DESPISE ARTISTIC OPINIONS OF	HE D			
7 IT CAN BE AWKWARD FOR CRIMINAL WHEN HIS ACCOMPLICE DOES THIS	ELLS			
8 THIS INDICATES SOMETHING'S FAULTY	RACK			
9 BATTERY CAN CONSIST OF MERELY THIS	TO CH			
10 SUCH AN AIR CHILLS CERTAIN TYPE OF PERSON	P RKY			
11 CITY KIDDIES RETURNING AFTER EVACUATION IN COUNTRY LOOK MORE	ROWN			
12 TEACHER WILL DO THIS AFTER ANGRY OUTBURST	RE ENT			
13 THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS	B BBLE			
14 BABY A FATHER IS THIS BY BADLY BEHAVED ONE	A ED			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Aug. 7.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JULY 26

No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

337

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Aug. 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

DOUBLED 1st PRIZE THIS WEEK!

WIN BULLETS £100 CASH for 23 WORDS

1,281 OTHER AWARDS

£10 £5 £4 £3 £2

6 of 30/- 20 of 10/-

1,250 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Aug. 6.

IN BRITAIN'S HISTORY
EX-CORPORAL HITLER
THROUGH THE SMOKE
NEW KIND OF WARFARE
BIGGER AND BETTER
THEIR COTTAGE
GETTING RATTLED
THOSE WHO COME AFTER
LIFE IS SHORT, SO
GUARDIAN ANGEL

BULLETS 1,281 RESULT appears on page 14.

NICE, JUICY STEAK
ALL THE SAME
UNFORGIVABLE SIN
MOTHER'S SECRET
NOT GOING TO WORK
BARBARISM
IT'S A PITY, BUT
HOT AIR
WHAT AUNTIE HEARD
LIKE A TIGER AT BAY

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

MAN WHO.....
WORLD OF.....
AFTER HER.....
OF ALL THE.....
KNOWS NO.....
OPPORTUNITY FOR.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Aug. 7.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,285 Monday, July 26

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,285 or Xword No. 337, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Sustaining because it's made with Chocolate for staying-power

Energising because it contains Glucose, to give quick energy

Nourishing because Separated Milk gives it extra nutrition

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone — everywhere.

MAKE SURE OF

Holiday Health The-Year-Round

WHEN holidays are fewer and playtime's short, how grand to enjoy 'holiday health' all the year round! You can get this all-the-year-holiday fitness for yourself if you just remember to take Bile Beans regularly.

While you sleep, Bile Beans create 'inner health.' They tone you up, regulate the system and gently eliminate fat-forming residues. They improve your figure, clear the skin and keep you fit and radiant.

By Nightly Taking

BILE BEANS

The Purely Vegetable Tonic-Laxative

This is your Guarantee of

FAIR DEALING

Goods made under the best conditions. For those who make and distribute them—fair wages and security. The resulting surpluses divided among the *purchasers*. In effect, a fair deal all round; that's what Co-operation stands for. If you believe in this principle, you should join the eight million other Co-operators in Great Britain. Ask how at your local Co-operative store.

Issued by the CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

GS 1613 P

HERCULES

CYCLES

are being used by the Army, the Royal Air Force and war-workers in every sphere!

The famous Black Watch Regiment on parade with their Hercules Bicycles.

The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham 86B

How I Escape COLDS & CHILLS

I always carry some Beecham's Powders in my handbag. At the first symptom I immediately start taking this quick-acting and reliable remedy. Its powder form makes it especially beneficial. Beecham's Powders are pleasant to take and equally as good for Nerve Pains, Headaches, Hay-fever and Rheumatic Twinges. They counteract Summer Fatigue as well.

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½d EACH

PLEASE ACCEPT MY GRATITUDE

London, W.C.1.
Dear Sirs, May 20th, 1943.

Will you please accept my gratitude and thanks for the great benefit I have received from taking your Yeast-Vite tablets.

I am 76 years of age, and the past two years I have had three bad attacks with asthma and bronchitis, losing all interest in life. Since taking Yeast-Vite tablets, I am regaining my appetite and regaining my strength. I feel I must write and thank you and tell you of my improvement.

Kindly use this with pleasure if you wish to do so. (Sgd.) S. B.

"A DIFFERENT PERSON"

Catford, S.E.
Dear Sirs, April 22nd, 1943.

I am writing to tell you that I was ill last year, but I heard about Yeast-Vite tablets and thought I would try them. I have been a different person since I have taken them, and I would recommend them after the good they have done me. (Sgd.) Mrs. H.

April 28th, 1943.
Dear Sirs, Stoke-on-Trent.

I have been a regular user of your Yeast-Vite for 14 years. At that time I was very ill with a nervous breakdown, and was advised to try your Yeast-Vite tablets and I never regretted taking them, as they have helped to pull me through all these years, and I have now reached the age of 60 years.

(Sgd.) Mrs. F. B.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including purchase tax. Do not blame your chemist if he is temporarily out of stock, he is doing his best in these difficult days of limited supplies and restricted transport.

Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

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